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AUGUST 1944

The American Mercury

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Flora Lewis

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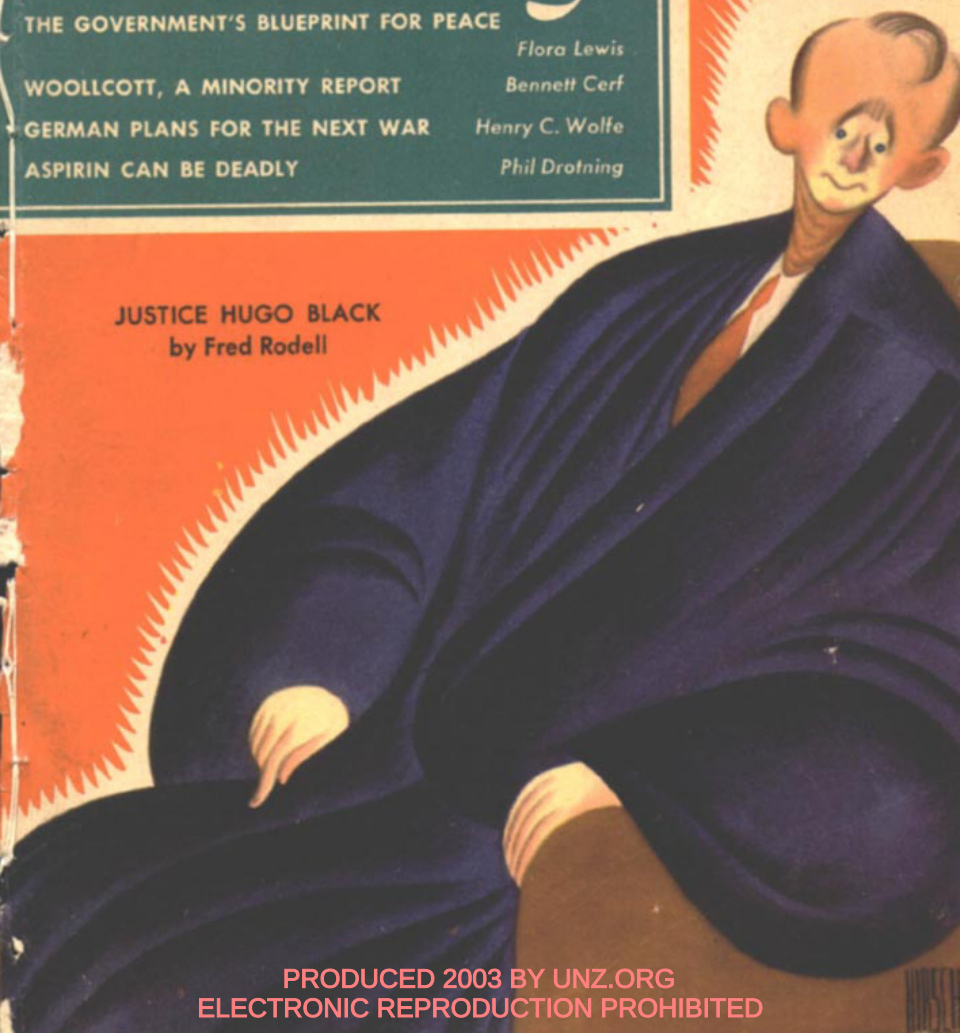
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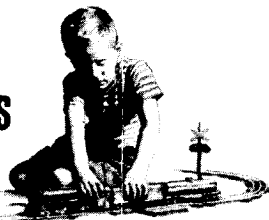
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JUSTICE HUGO BLACK
by Fred Rodell

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**HELP
US
KEEP**

PRICES DOWN

A United States War Message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME
LIX

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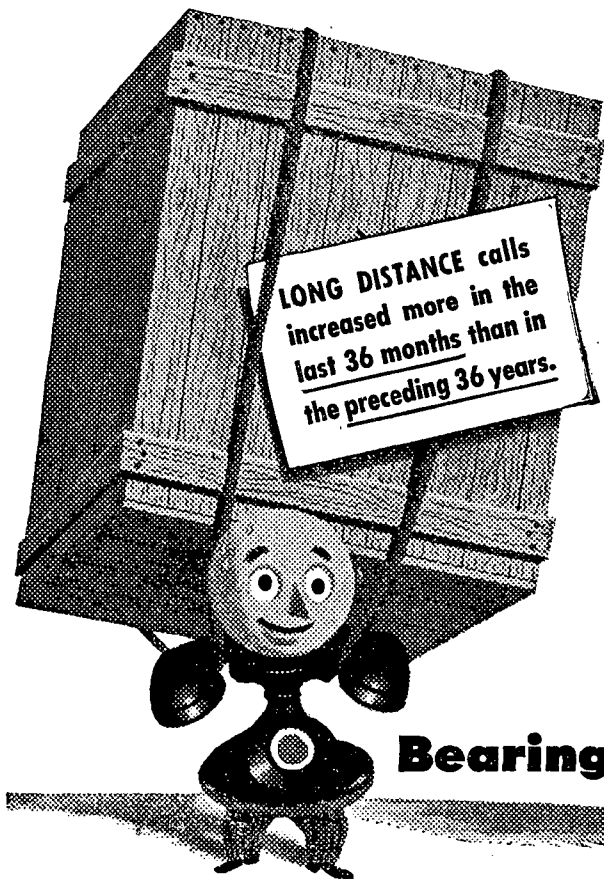
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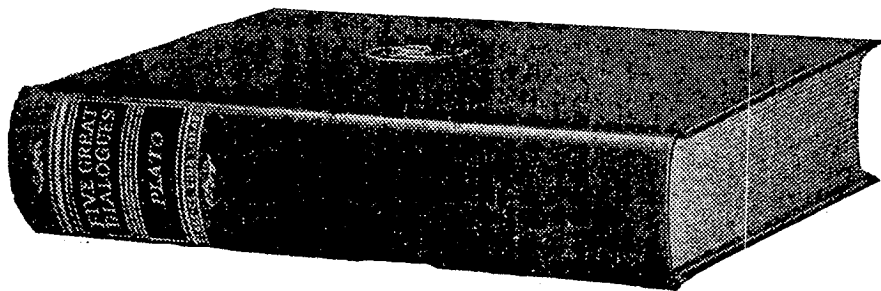


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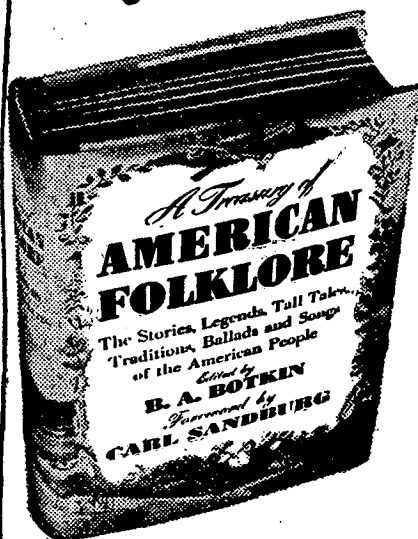
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The American MERCURY

JUSTICE HUGO BLACK

BY FRED RODELL

A white man and a colored man were driving together over a long straight road in a piney part of Georgia at fifty-five miles an hour. "Pull over," said the cop. Then, "Turn around and follow me." Five miles back there was a small town with a courthouse. In marched the three. A sheriff in shirt sleeves grunted and said, "Strangers, aren't you? Forty's the limit here. See the signs?"

A door at the back opened and the county judge ambled in. As he glanced at the white speeder, his eyes suddenly looked puzzled. "Say," he said, "you look mighty like a man whose picture hangs back here in my office. Hugo Black from Alabama. On the United States Supreme Court. What's your name?"

"Hugo Black," said Hugo Black.

"Well," said the judge. "I'm mighty pleased to see you." Turning to the cop he winked, "I guess he wasn't speeding after all, was he?" And to Black, "Sure am sorry to put you out."

"We were going fifty-five," said Black. "What's the usual fine? Down here, you're the judge and I'm a citizen."

Citizen Black paid his ten dollars and, with his Supreme Court messenger spelling him at the wheel, drove on toward Washington.

Nothing could be more typical of the man who is today the nation's most influential legal figure than his insistence on equating himself with the humblest hill-billy who might

FRED RODELL has been professor of law at Yale since 1939. He has written for numerous national magazines and he is the author of the following books: *Fifty-Five Men: the Story of the Constitution*; *Woe Unto You, Lawyers and Democracy* and *the Third Term*.

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rattle along Georgia's roads at more than the legal limit. For Hugo Black, acknowledged leader of the majority faction of the Supreme Court of the United States, has never forgotten in his heart that he was born in a cross-roads cabin in the small-farm cotton country of Alabama — that he was once, as he does not blink at putting it, a "Clay County hill-billy" himself.

Perhaps it is this utterly unassuming way of his — this almost-Mr.-Milquetoast mildness of manner — that has caused Black, all his life, to be underestimated by others. The fact has never hurt him. His strength, like that of the stud poker player whose ace is in the hole, has been all the more effective for being concealed and so discounted.

As a bud of a lawyer in Birmingham, the slight wiry kid from the back country used to be underestimated by the city-slick attorneys who opposed him — and underestimated to their sorrow; his batting average before juries ran close to a phenomenal .800. Even after he had built up one of the biggest personal law practices in Alabama — from a \$37.50 fee for his first case (which he won for his Negro client) to earnings of \$40,000 or \$50,000 a year — those legal lights whose bad luck it was to clash with him in court for the first time would persistently underestimate the quiet man with the slight nasal drawl — until he snapped into action.

Black was underestimated, too, by all four of his rivals when he decided to run for the Senate in 1926 against

a former governor, a former State Supreme Court justice, a well-known and well-backed businessman, and a big-shot utility lawyer who is now Senator John Bankhead — but Black made easy also-rans out of the four of them. He was underestimated by his Senate colleagues, as just another Southern senator who didn't even look like a senator, until they discovered in him their hardest worker, their most penetrating investigator, and their most devastating cross-examiner. And he was underestimated by practically the entire legal profession, and the rest of the nation as well, when Franklin Roosevelt named him to the Supreme Court in 1937.

No freshman Justice ever donned his black robes and paraded in to take the Mr. End-Man seat at the long bench under so heavy a handicap as did Black seven years ago. It had been said that, since he helped lead the futile fight for the President's plan to "pack" the Court, he could harbor no respect for that venerable institution; that his appointment amounted to a sour political plum. It had been bruited about — and rarely retracted — that his legal experience was limited to a year or so as a police court judge down in Birmingham. It had been splashed all over every front page in the country that he had once donned the white robe of the Negro-baiting, Catholic-hating, law-breaking Ku Klux Klan. Lawyers and laymen, liberals and conservatives, expected him to be a flop or a fascist or both, and thanked God and the founding fathers that his

vote would be only one of nine.

Yet less than a year later, the leftist *New Republic* ran a learned article by a liberal law professor, reviewing the record of Black's first term on the Court and praising both it and him to the skies. Before two years were out, the conservative *Atlantic Monthly* ran an article by a member of a solid Boston law firm, which stated: "There is no need of defending Black's ability. There are not many judges who could write the succinct, lawyer-like, and pointed opinions he has written for the Court. There are fewer yet capable of the clarity, power, and perspicacity of his dissents. It is nonsense for anyone who has read them to speak otherwise."

Today, there are three members of the Supreme Court who fail to recognize in Black the ablest judge and the most brilliant legal mind among them. One is Owen Roberts, final hold-over from the days of the Nine Old Men (to whom Chief Justice Stone never at heart belonged); for Justice Roberts resents the fact that the views Black used to express in dissent are increasingly becoming the law of the land — with Justice Roberts dissenting. One is Felix Frankfurter, whose career on the Court is the exact antithesis of Black's inasmuch as he came in with a fanfare of trumpets from both left and right and has steadily sunk lower in the estimation of both; for his ill-concealed jealousy of Black's intellectual leadership has caused him to captain the Court's opposing — and conservative — team. One is Robert

Jackson who plays along with Frankfurter, for his White House influence, in dwindling hope of being named Chief Justice, an honor he once missed by a hair; for he is smart enough to see in Black the biggest threat to his ambition.

To the other five members of the Court, and to lawyers and judges of every hue, the mild Southerner's stature is already great and is still growing. Yet Black remains strikingly and strangely underestimated by a nation which knows next to nothing of this man who has climbed to the heights rung by rung, and has yet remembered that his ladder rests in Alabama.

II

In a cabin not even graced by logs, in a place called Harlan, not even named on the largest maps, Hugo LaFayette Black was born in 1886, the eighth and last child of his farmer father who had once enlisted in the Confederate Army at the age of fourteen. Hugo was five when his father moved to town and set up a cracker-barrel general store. The town was Ashland, population 400, and there the boy grew up and went to school. But he never so much as finished high school — or "Ashland College" as it was called. When a bullying teacher punished Black's sister by ordering her to stand in a corner on one leg, fraternal affection plus Southern chivalry led the spindly sixteen-year-old to give his instructor a public beating and walk out the door, never to return.

But from the age of nine or ten, young Hugo had been drinking in a different kind of education. Ashland was the county seat, and every fall the courthouse rang for a few weeks with lawyers' arguments and judges' rulings. This was music and excitement to the future Justice. He rarely missed a day, and even now he delights to insist that he was a better lawyer then, in his boyish imagination, than he has ever since become.

He was fascinated, too, by political speeches and rallies — no matter how minor the county office involved in the campaign. Those were the days when the Populists, and then the Populist-captured Democrats under Bryan, were sweeping farm sentiment with them, West and South, and it is not unlikely that Black's deep-imbued sympathy for the economic underdog was first ingrained in him by torchlight oratory in the town square of Ashland.

In emulation of his doctor-brother, Orlando, Black — with no high school or college degree — spent a year studying medicine, a year which his Supreme Court brethren deplore, since they claim he still tries to write medical treatises into personal injury cases. But the call of the courthouse was too strong. At eighteen he entered law school at the University of Alabama; at twenty he was graduated with honors and went home to Ashland to practice; within a few months, his loft office, eked-out law library and all, burned to the ground, and Black, with less than ten dollars in his pocket,

hit for the big city of Birmingham to hang out his shingle.

From the beginning his talents were devoted to the little fellow — to the worker, the small tradesman, the farmer, the abused Negro. He had no yen to sell his services to the power companies, the banks, the iron and steel firms, and though the disinterest was mutual at the start, there came a time when the corporations would have paid plenty for Black, if they could have bought him.

From the beginning, too, Black was recognized by bench and bar as a top-shelf trial lawyer, with cross-examination his forte. In fact, his skill at twisting witnesses around his finger actually lost him one important case. As old Judge Abernethy later explained it: "I'd about made up my mind that that key witness was lying by the clock when it suddenly came to me that Hugo was just too smart for him and the poor devil was trying his best to tell the truth."

According to Colonel Crampton Harris, Black's one-time partner in Birmingham, the man, in court and in action, had a "triple-decker mind." On one level he would be listening to the witness, on another anticipating what the witness was going to say next, and on a third setting traps to catch the witness on what he was about to say.

When a judge before whom Black had often displayed his mental agility became one of Birmingham's first city commissioners, he had the twenty-five-year-old stripling appointed a

justice of the peace. What Black himself remembers best about those eighteen months on the city bench is the old colored man who was dragged in drunk three times. The first time Black fined him two dollars, whereupon the Negro borrowed the two from Black, paid his fine, and went on his way. The second time Black doubled the fine and again found himself paying it. The third time the sentence was jail.

Black's only other public office before he went to the Senate was as "solicitor," or prosecuting attorney of Jefferson County (which includes Birmingham) to which post he was elected at twenty-nine. And those who were later scared for civil liberties when an ex-Klansman was named to the Supreme Court might profitably have looked back to the young solicitor, who, single-handed, put a stop to the use of third-degree methods on Negroes in Bessemer, Alabama, twenty-odd years before.

After an artillery captaincy in the first world war, Black went back to the private practice of law. He married gracious young Josephine Foster who, as a Navy "yeomanette," had been a forerunner of the WAVE of today. And in 1925, when Alabama's perennial Oscar Underwood decided to vacate his Senate seat at the end of his term, Black began to aim his hat for the open ring.

Two things clinched his election. First, he could call almost everybody in Alabama "Brother." An inveterate joiner, he followed up his initiation

into the youth-luring "Coming Men of America" with membership in the Masons, the Moose, the Oddfellows, the Praetorians, the Knights of Pythias, and a score of others.

Black says that by joining all these societies and orders he kept himself politically free. For their number was so great that he never felt the slightest political debt to any one. And, more significantly, they added up to a backlog of support sufficient to save him from having to tie himself to any political machine or to any moneyed backers, who might later demand favors in return.

Black also says that, of all the organizations he ever joined, he only really regrets his ex-membership in one. Not the Klan, which was to cause him so much trouble, but the eminently proper, stolid, and stuffy American Bar Association.

The second and more telling factor in Black's 1926 election victory was the manner of his campaign. For almost a year he drove around the back districts of the state, covering every county, literally wearing out one Ford and half a Chevrolet, talking simple down-to-earth stuff to simple down-to-earth people. His most formidable opponent, John Bankhead, tried a little of the same technique but gave it up after he discovered, and later admitted, that "every single place I went, Hugo Black had been there before me. And he had them."

So the country boy went up to Washington. Always a voracious reader, he undertook extra-curricular

self-study of economics, history, government, philosophy — the better to serve his constituents.

All Washington knew him for a worker. A Baptist who had once taught Sunday School, a teetotaler, parties did not appeal to him. He would make appointments as late as 10 P.M. at his office, and, night after night, his visitors would grope through the darkened corridors of the Senate Office Building to the only light still glowing.

Soon, Washington knew him, too, for that knife-like mind that had confounded opposing counsel in Alabama courtrooms. Even before Senator Tom Walsh died, Black was rated his peer at the tough job of investigation; afterward, Black had no peer, and Senate committees to which he did not belong used to borrow him to handle cross-examination of witnesses.

The two biggest investigations which Black himself headed were that of the shipping companies — where his uncovering of skulduggery at government expense led to the Merchant Marine Act and the setting up of the Maritime Commission — and his lobbying investigation, which got him into hot water.

In order to prove — as he did — that Congress had been pelted with thousands of fake wires, signed with dead names and names copied from telephone books, in order to influence legislation, Black subpoenaed mountains of telegrams from Western Union. Western Union requested Black's investigators to come down and look

through their files to save the bother of shipment. William Randolph Hearst, whose editorial activities were involved, began to shout about "unconstitutional search and seizure" in his newspapers. The American Civil Liberties Union and others took up the cry. But a Federal court, while lecturing Black for his over-enthusiasm, fully upheld the legality of what he had done — a practice which, incidentally, had been indulged in by the Senate for decades without protest until Black happened to step on the toes of the vociferous.

This episode plus, particularly, his one-time membership in the Klan long soured many liberals on Black, despite his 99.44 per cent pure liberal record. The business of the Klan is best told bluntly:

Black joined the Klan as a young Alabama politician, perhaps unthinkingly — as he joined almost every other organization in the state; certainly unadmirably. He would still be a practising attorney in Birmingham if he had not joined it, for in Alabama in the Twenties, membership was a *sine qua non* for election to public office. He was never active, he soon resigned.

When his name was sent to the Senate, as the first Roosevelt appointee to the Supreme Court, the question of his being — or having been — a Klansman was raised by those who disliked FDR's choice — not at all because they feared Black would be illiberal, but because they knew he would be far too liberal for their tastes. Out of Senatorial courtesy, and because Sen-

ator Borah assured the Senate, accurately, that Black was not then a member of the Klan, Black was confirmed.

Later that summer, the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* created a national sensation with a series of articles about Black's old membership in the Klan. That Ray Sprigle, the reporter who "dug up" the facts, was awarded a Pulitzer Prize for his efforts must have amused Alabamans who had seen the exact-same facts spread all over the Montgomery *Advertiser* when Black was running for reelection to the Senate in 1932, five years before. Nevertheless, the new Justice felt forced to explain and justify himself over a coast-to-coast radio hook-up.

III

But anyone who cared to look at the record, instead of being taken in by one blown-up boner, need have had no misgivings about Black's complete freedom from racial or religious prejudice. The man who had outraged the Klan by supporting Al Smith for the Presidency in 1928, the man whose secretary was — and still is — a Catholic girl (and whose law clerks have been Jewish boys), the man whose whole life had been devoted to fighting for the fellow at the bottom, from which he had climbed, was not likely to turn tyrant on the Supreme Court bench. Nor has he. The Court has never known a more militant humanitarian than Hugo Black.

"An evangelical progressive" was

Senator Bankhead's phrase for Black in the warm telegram that first put the appointive bee in FDR's bonnet. But Justice Black has since said it better for himself. In a decision reversing the murder conviction of four young Florida Negroes, on the ground that confessions had been tortured from them, Black concluded:

Under our constitutional system, courts stand against any winds that blow as havens of refuge for those who might otherwise suffer because they are helpless, weak, outnumbered, or because they are non-conforming victims of prejudice and public excitement. . . . No higher duty, no more solemn responsibility, rests upon this Court than that of translating into living law and maintaining this constitutional shield deliberately planned and inscribed for the benefit of every human being subject to our Constitution — of whatever race, creed, or persuasion.

Here, in two sentences, is the crux of Black's legal credo. To him, deeply learned as he is in the law, a case is never a jigsaw puzzle of cold and abstract and supposedly permanent legal principles. It is rather a vital and temporal problem concerning the rights, the dignities, the lives, of flesh-and-blood people. He sees the law always as a means to an end — the achievement of social justice, especially for the otherwise unprotected — instead of as an end in itself.

Hence his doughty defense of civil liberties; for his mind is on the beaten-down Negro, the harassed picket, the unorthodox worshipper of God. Hence his unusual interest in personal injury cases; for his heart is with the widow,

or the worker who lost a leg, and not with the niceties of legal logic. Hence his disgust and frequent dissent when the Supreme Court, standing on its dignity, sets out to censure or disbar some little lawyer who has made a formal misstep. Hence, too, his passionate belief in the jury system, stemming from his faith in the decency and common sense of the average man.

By contrast, Black has little sympathy with the business concerns which hire high-priced lawyers to plead them out of government regulations or taxes. A dissent of his, written in his freshman year on the Court, would have taken from corporations the convenient protection of that phrase of the Fourteenth Amendment which says that no State shall "deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." Black stated simply — and with an array of historical facts behind him — that a corporation was not a "person," had never been intended as such when the Amendment was adopted, and should no longer be taken under the Amendment's wing despite more than half a century of judicial error in thus saving corporations from many a bothersome bit of legislation. If Black's view should be adopted by the Court majority — as it yet may, through his persuasion of his fellow Justices — it would be the most important change in constitutional law in the Court's entire history.

Here, too, is displayed Black's tremendous respect for legislatures, his belief that appointed judges should

interfere only in rare and extreme instances with the decisions of those elected by the people. This respect is partly due to the fact that he, alone on the present Court, was once a legislator himself. His constant battle cry is — Let Congress decide this; it's none of our judicial business. The respect is also due in part to his unflinching faith in democracy with a small "d."

Thus Black, mild and amiable as he remains in person, has no intellectual patience with his brethren when they mistake their rôle for that of God-in-government. This is the core of his chief quarrel with Justice Frankfurter, a quarrel which has recently flared into their formal opinions.

And it is significant that when they differ, Black is almost always with the majority and Frankfurter dissenting. For Black who, during his first term on the Court, dissented from 10 per cent of the Court's decisions — and in case after case dissented alone — now regularly wins most of his colleagues to his side by the sheer unanswerableness of his reasoning, grounded in the bedrock of facts and yet hitched to the highest principles of jurisprudence. Whereas the former Harvard law professor, though adept at the manipulation of legal language and fine-spun theory, suffers increasing difficulty in keeping his feet on solid earth.

To contrast the two Justices is inevitable, for the Court's much-publicized inner dissension revolves chiefly around them. It is typical of Frankfurter that he will quote the late

Justices Holmes or Brandeis on issues that came before them twenty years ago — and consider the matter closed and his duty done. But it is Black who has kept the Holmes-Brandeis liberal approach to the law a living thing, by applying their skeptical and inquiring spirit to the fresh issues of today.

Moreover, Black, when he gets his teeth in a case, can make Frankfurter sound glib, shallow, and uninformed — even to the legally uninitiated — simply because he is by far the harder worker of the two. Although his quick mind would allow him to coast and still do a good judicial job, his actual working hours while the Court is in session add up to almost eighty a week, a figure no other member of the Court can touch.

He slaves over his opinions, writing and re-writing to compress them to the shortest possible number of short words and yet get his points across equally effectively to the top scholars of the profession and to the back-country lawyers for whom he still feels a nostalgic glow of kinship. His tremendous working stamina, his utter inability to relax when there is a job to be done, regularly wear out every young law clerk of his who tries to keep pace with his schedule.

Every summer, he plays just as strenuously as he works in the winter, and in a full day of tennis he can tire

two men half his age. “Hard as a litard knot” is his own Clay County phrase for his physical condition.

But every summer he also sets himself a tough reading course of a hundred books or so on some subject he has never thoroughly explored. Last summer he dug into the farthest reaches of legal philosophy. The summer before was devoted to formal grammar and English composition, in a perfectionist desire to improve his opinion-writing style.

Already lawyers have begun to compare Hugo Black to that almost legendary legal lion, Justice Holmes. Many believe that his stature will have surpassed Holmes’ before he retires.

For Holmes was always great in dissent, where the irresponsibility of not talking for the Court makes it easier to be great. And most of the legal battles Holmes fought were won by others after his death.

But Black, in seven short years, has achieved the heavy responsibility and the far harder task of usually speaking for the Court majority, as he wins his battles in person, now. He has the sure touch of greatness in him. And history may yet record that the quiet country boy from Alabama gave more to the growth of American law than any man since Chief Justice Marshall more than a century ago.



WE LEARN FROM OUR ENEMIES

By THOMAS M. JOHNSON

OUR troops splashed ashore in France on D-day from special landing craft which grew out of an idea we grabbed from the Germans. They swooped behind the enemy lines in gliders which embodied many features copied from German gliders captured in Africa. For three days before they landed, midget submarines, undetected, planted markers along the French coast to guide them in; and we got that idea the hard way too, from the Japs at Pearl Harbor.

We are using in France many new secret weapons, jealously hoarded as an invasion surprise. It was reasonable to expect the enemy also had surprises. So with the first troops ashore were specially trained teams of officers and men whose sole assignment was to snatch enemy weapons and equipment for study.

In Africa, in Italy, and on a score of Pacific islands, our battlefield detectives are right out in front. To take apart an unexploded shell or a new type of bomb is all in the day's work. Other enemy weapons are rushed from the battlefield onto planes that fly them to laboratories here for rigorous

analysis and testing. The rocks, mud, sand and dust of the proving ground at Aberdeen, Maryland, are admirably suited in all weather to try out anything from a land mine to a Tiger tank. Aberdeen's present collection consists of over 600,000 items of Axis ordnance.

We have found most Italian weapons to be ill-assorted curiosas, their ammunition so dangerous that we blew it up rather than risk using it, as we use German. But we copied the Alpini mountain boot, with hard rubber cleats that strike no revealing sparks from rocks at night. Japanese material is sometimes good. It was from a Japanese plane that we got an improvement on that most complicated of technical devices, the automatic pilot. In general, Japanese copyable ideas are mostly oddments. They exploded firecrackers to simulate machine-gun fire and confuse our troops; we made missiles that do it better and take less space. They used phosphorescent vines to mark jungle paths at night; we made a fluorescent paint that was better.

In the Aleutians, our troops wear

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many layers of light garments rather than a few heavy ones. That idea reached us *via* the Russians, who got it from the Finns. The Germans also got it from the Russians, but too late. It would have saved them many lives in the winter of 1941-42.

The German stuff is good, and we know a lot about it — we captured much material of theirs at Bizerte. The celebrated Volkswagen is a muscle-bound snail compared to our jeep, but they are leaders in half-track vehicles. Nearly 500 different German items we have studied show long planning and careful workmanship.

Here is an example of how this "war within the war" is waged: In the 1940 blitz the British fired coast-guard rockets at German planes. The Nazis copied the rocket idea with their Screaming Mimi, a squat bundle of stovepipes shooting black-powder rockets for 7800 yards to land rather helter-skelter but with a violent concussion.

Meanwhile the British had captured a new enemy tank. An Intelligence officer rushed his precious prize rearward, pursued by German bombers eager to destroy it before its secrets could be studied. They tried to sink the ship on which he loaded it at Suez. Study showed that the new tank had armor too heavy for the usual infantry anti-tank gun. The problem was passed to Washington, where someone remembered Mimi. How about a rocket gun so light any infantryman could use it? Rockets had no recoil but terrible explosive power.

The result was the bazooka, which we rushed into production. Seven days after the first lot was finished they were in Africa and shortly afterwards in Russia.

They wrought such havoc that the Germans made special efforts to capture one and succeeded. In six months they had produced a more powerful bazooka, which they are now using against our tanks. But such a comet's tail of sparks flashes through the open rear that the gunner's life depends on an asbestos suit and a prayer. This improved bazooka we re-improved as soon as we in turn captured it.

The Germans began firing rockets from planes. We captured some, studied them, evolved new tactics to use against them, and mounted rockets on our own planes. Our next step was to mount them on the naval craft that lead our amphibious invasions. Probably neither side has exhausted the possibilities of this idea first used against us in the War of 1812.

The dream of every Intelligence officer came true in one recent astonishing incident. A Nazi pilot, "brownd off" with war, landed a twin-engine high altitude Ju-88 medium bomber on an Allied field. Our fliers flew it to Dayton. There it became the subject of eager study. First, it answered the question: Why do all the Ju-88's we capture seem to have their tails shot off? The explanation was that they carry an explosive charge there, which the pilot detonates rather than let us get a plane

intact for study. In the new plane we discovered also some piping that carried hot exhaust gases to the wings to melt ice, and we stole that idea, too.

II

At Wright Field nearly a score of enemy planes are being tried out. There is a Messerschmitt that Allied fighters ganged up on and forced to land intact. One Jap plane was fitted together from parts of five. When mechanics at Wright Field got hold of their first German plane, they found it took them twenty-two minutes less to dismount the motor than was required to do the same job on any American plane. We promptly adopted the German mounting.

German aircraft design is not letting down but improving, and so is that of the Japanese. But German bomb-sights are about as accurate as our second best. If, despite all precautions, they have captured one of our famous Norden sights intact, they have thus far been unable to reproduce it and probably won't for a while. It has a thousand or so parts.

Experiments sometimes show that an enemy idea is not as good as it looks. Back from the South Pacific came a Japanese machine gun that our observers noted fired phenomenally fast — but there was no ammunition with it. We captured ammunition on Attu and tested the gun. Report: "This gun is too fast for its own good. It shoots crooked."

The light Japanese weapons had

advantages in jungle fighting, but in open country they have to be replaced with heavier weapons. That shift doubles the problem of production and of training troops. We stuck to our heavier stuff with more punch and the Japanese have lately emulated us by introducing a man-size rifle. It is slower, shorter-ranged, and less accurate than our Garand. The German paratroopers who so stubbornly defended Cassino were the first to use the Nazi copy of the Garand. But the imitation is only passable and so complicated that before they can produce it in quantity the war will be over.

The device that crews of planes and ships at sea drop overboard to broadcast an automatic "SOS" is improved from a German invention. The American version, called the "Gibson Girl" because of its hour-glass shape, is now saving Allied lives on the seven seas.

German planes dropped mines upon Coventry, causing devastation then unprecedented. The charges were tremendous and they exploded on contact instead of after they had been muffled by burrowing in the earth. A parachute slowed the mine's fall and gave the plane time to escape the concussion. This gave the British ideas which led to the development of the blockbuster bombs.

Scrutiny of enemy equipment dramatically reveals vital facts the enemy would like to conceal. Fuel in captured tanks in German airplanes is analyzed to find out what proportion of it is

synthetic, what from Rumania. That checks up the effect of our bombings. Recent tests show that German oil economy is strained.

Tests of ball-bearings taken from German tanks and planes show that when we destroy a German ball-bearing factory the Germans make up their shortage by importing more ball-bearings from Sweden. Which explains our pressure on Sweden to stop this. Tests of captured German steel showed the Nazis were short of manganese and were substituting chrome. Whereupon the Allies pressured Turkey into stopping shipments of chrome to the Nazis.

For shell cases the Germans first used brass, then brass-plated steel, then blued steel. Now they're using shell cases of iron. German shell fuses are poor; our testers say 20 per cent of them do not explode. This is supposed to be the result of sabotage by slave labor and cheating by Nazi manufacturers.

Experts examining gas tanks from captured Nazi planes were amazed to discover that they were leakproofed, not, as earlier specimens had been, with synthetic rubber, but with natural rubber. Then we captured new Japanese equipment that showed German influence. Were the Japanese swapping rubber for German ideas?

The British and American navies intensified their search of the seas and found that under various flags Ger-

man ships were plying between Bordeaux and the Far East. East-bound, the ships carried special steels, machine tools and plans and samples of new German weapons, airplane engines and motor transport for the imitative Japs. They brought back to Europe vegetable oils, tin and rubber. We put twenty-five good enemy ships, including lately some submarines, out of the war and we gained valuable inklings of enemy needs and shortages.

In developing engines of war the enemy had a twenty-year start on us. Before 1939 we let anyone pick our good Yankee brains. Germans and Japs bought the secrets of military inventions at the Patent Office or at the Government Printing Office for ten cents. Dive bombers, paratroopers, caterpillar treads for tanks and mobile guns — all these are American ideas seized upon by the Germans. Only now have we caught up.

We still have many secret weapons up our sleeve. Most of them we have been holding back for the psychological moment. Some we will hold back indefinitely, because they are so terrible that their use would help us less than shocked world opinion would harm us. Our experts hope we have learned our lesson: keep our secrets, watch what is going on in the world of weapons, and tie our research, our science and our industry closely to national defense in that future which no man can foretell.



THE GOVERNMENT'S BLUEPRINT FOR PEACE

BY FLORA LEWIS

WHATEVER tricks the Axis may still have up its sleeve, whatever events may hasten or delay the consummation, there can be no doubt that the Allies will win the war. The momentous problem now, second only to the military struggle, is to achieve a durable peace — a peace so widely endorsed, so firmly grounded, so ably maintained, that no nation's hunger for power or thirst for revenge can upset it.

For more than two years our State Department has been working intensively on this problem. It has dealt with the dynamics and the structure of world organization for peace. In the broadest outlines the character of this effort has just been revealed by the President of the United States. But those close to the diplomatic workshops, so to speak, know that the outlines have in part already been filled with concrete proposals and specific intentions.

American diplomats do have a plan. It is subject to revisions by Congress, by the American people and, of course, by the other nations whose consent and collaboration are essential. But

critics of American foreign policy who assume that we are without definite policies and goals are mistaken. Talks are being held with important representatives of our three chief allies — Britain, Russia and China. In effect these discussions are the initial stages of the World War II “peace conference,” and a formal conference such as the one in Versailles after the last war may never take place at all.

Concrete enough in its framework, the State Department plan is vague in detail. This is not accident but purpose. The idea is to allow for wide adjustments in a shifting world. Our plan can be summed up in a single phrase that reverses the old Machiavellian maxim — *right backed by might*. There are many facets to that simple doctrine, but the reasoning of American diplomacy is rooted in it.

Actually it was also the vision of Woodrow Wilson. Present-day peace planners, however, are not disheartened by Wilson's failure. They believe that this time it can be done, provided we benefit by experience and avoid four Wilsonian mistakes. These are:

1. Clinging to the illusion that in-

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ternational ethics are effective without adequate force.

2. Failure to understand that no matter how good an idea may be, our country will not back it unless convinced of its effectiveness, and Congress will not accept it unless it has had a rôle in its formulation.

3. Stubbornness and rigidity to a degree which left no room for compromise on smaller problems in the interests of larger purposes.

4. A disposition to make promises that could not be kept, which gave fanatics like Hitler fuel for a bonfire under the whole international structure.

II

The State Department's strategy today is to lay down general principles, such as the Four Freedoms and the Atlantic Charter, implemented in part by the Moscow declarations assuring to Austria her place in the family of nations and to Italy the right to choose her own form of government. These are not irreducible objectives but goals to be aimed at. They indicate the direction, not the ultimate destination. Liberty and democracy are not regarded as gifts at our disposal but as prizes to be won by struggle. The United States is not committed to enforce any particular set of European boundaries or to settle the conflicting claims and minority aspirations stemming from the checkered history of the continent.

On point 1 — the need for might to back right — the American peace

planners do not say, "Give us ample force and we'll police the world." They say that the power exists; that the problem is to maintain and use it properly. Prevalent thinking on this phase was exemplified when Artemus L. Gates, Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Air, told a Congressional Committee that our Navy would be so big it could handle the job alone when the war ends.

The U.S.A. will have the greatest navy and air force in the world when the war ends, and an army second only to Russia's. There is no present intention to let this American power grow obsolete. Disarmament, right now, is a one-way word. It applies only to the enemy. That is the key to the proposal so far as force is concerned. The world organization will have its police in the armies of the member nations. For some time, while huge war machines are still in working order, planners believe they will constitute a sufficient threat of force to would-be aggressors. Later, when extensive demobilization becomes a pressing domestic issue in the victor nations, there will perhaps be agreements among the main powers to keep up enough ready might for combined action. The expected pledges to act and act together will be implemented by some continuation of combined staffs and joint bases.

Should an aggressor nation show signs of action, the powers will confer quickly, decide what's to be done, how much and by whom. A sufficient force for this purpose presumably will

always be on hand. The definition of "aggressor" cannot be expected to change much from what it meant at Geneva — a country attempting to impose its will upon another by force, as contrasted with the community of nations forcing a truant state to observe commonly accepted rules.

The mechanics of the application of force — to be used when preventative medicine has failed — cannot be rigid. Only specific agreement of members of the world organization could class a given act as aggression and initiate action. The point is that the machinery for reaching such agreement and taking such action is to be kept ready to roll.

As to politics — point 2 — many of the planners believe that if Wilson had taken minority spokesmen like Senator Lodge to Versailles, the treaty would have gone through the Senate. Cordell Hull therefore has met often with members of the Senate and the House. Both parties are represented. Hull, it happens, has served in both branches. He knows the legislators and they know him. They respect him. They'll continue to do so, however, only so long as he continues to take them into confidence. Under the Constitution the House has no authority over a peace treaty. But the Secretary of State figures that the right to declare war, which the House shares, is involved in any machinery for maintaining peace.

On point 3, an ability to compromise is one of Hull's talents. He showed it when he battled for his reciprocal

trade agreement idea. These are agreements between nations to swap trade concessions, on a give-and-take basis. He even got a militant Republican minority on his side by demonstrating how the exchange of compromises worked to mutual advantage.

Hull operates within the area bounded by the desirable and the possible. Cooperation with Britain and Russia on a two-plank program is his grand theme. The program which he hopes will provide peace for great powers and security for small ones is *against* aggression and *for* political freedom and economic welfare. These ends he seeks by whatever practical means are available, provided they do not nullify his goal.

The Russo-Polish border dispute provides an example. The American government has taken no stand on the question, beyond offering its good offices to both sides. Hull feels that the underlying question involved is security. Poland is afraid of Russian influence. Russia demands a good military border and a friendly neighboring government. Hull's constant advice to both sides is in effect: "Resume relations, get on with the war, build an unshakable peace structure and then neither of you will need to worry about security."

Towards all the small nations, Hull maintains the same attitude. They must think first of general security if they are to be able to think of their individual security at all. Their constant outcries against the four-power idea goad him to acid anger. The

American tradition of liberty, he feels, should be assurance enough that democratic principles remain firmly in any peace plan wherein the United States plays a leading part. He is willing to give an inch if he must for a shrewdly appraised chance of gaining a mile. But he has confidence in American idealism as a guarantee that milestones of freedom will not be traded away.

The President's recent statement on postwar plans for world organization has put a White House imprimatur on the State Department scheme. Throughout, Hull does not act without Presidential approval. The two men hold common ideas on three-power cooperation and how to win the peace. But Roosevelt devotes himself primarily to the war and to immediate political problems such as French policy. At this stage the plan is Hull's.

With this in mind, Hull will not declare himself on issues which may later require some backing-down. He will not close the door to concessions where he is convinced that they bring him nearer to the over-all goals. Concessions are being considered and may soon be made which will shock many Americans. They will be largely in payment for hoped-for Russian cooperation. Stalin is almost sure to get what he wants in the way of territory — the Baltic States, Bessarabia, portions of pre-war Finland and eastern Poland. A reorganization of the Polish government, with East Prussia and perhaps Upper Silesia as part compensation for concessions to Russia, seems in the cards as this is written.

Cordell Hull, in short, is determined to maintain in his policy a flexibility which his critics call weakness but which he considers the essence of his strength.

Coming to point 4, promises are not being made to Germany, to head off future charges of "betrayal." Churchill has already told the Germans that they need not look to the Atlantic Charter as a postwar Bill of Rights against the Allies. Many of the main decisions on Germany have not been made. Partition has been discussed; so has slicing off the industrial areas to leave Germany a predominantly agricultural section. But no agreement has been reached at this writing. Surely the treatment will be rough. Russia demands reparations in kind, but no one yet knows how much. The German army will be destroyed, but there is no certainty how many German leaders will be killed, how many neutralized, how many simply assimilated into the civilian population. It is virtually assured that German industry will not be razed, since ravaged Europe will need the production of German mines and German mills. But whether there will be direct Allied control, broad supervision or a tight hold on economic bottlenecks remains to be settled.

Britain, the United States and Russia have in general reached agreement on a plan for German surrender and the immediate problems of an armistice, occupation, demobilization and war criminals. Because no one knows just how or when Germany will break,

many variants must be worked out. This plan, however, is as specific as the uncertainties of war allow. Longer range plans have been sidetracked while details of immediate questions are settled. They will necessarily depend on conditions inside Germany and on the progress made by the big three towards the world security organization.

III

Unconditional surrender itself means: "We make no promises. We dictate terms. We can decide if terms are to be harsh or gentle, but you cannot bargain. You can only surrender."

Germans this time will know that they have lost the war. No future Hitler will be able to scream that a handful of men betrayed his nation by signing an armistice. Re-education of the German people has begun and the number one lesson is that war does not pay. This re-education will be carried on until Germany is no longer a world threat. It is a program of punishment and example. There is no thought of flooding German village schools with American teachers or writing compulsory textbooks. The punishment will be the defeat itself, the armed occupation, the treatment of war criminals and Germany's exclusion, at least for the present, from the community of nations. The example will be carried through the sudden influx of literature and news, freedom of communication and on very gradually broadening expanses, of open political expression.

In all of this Hull's long-range objective is a working agreement with Russia. He works on the theory that if it can be obtained, other problems can be worked out bit by bit.

Structurally the future world peace organization may be quite close to the League of Nations, with one important difference: greater recognition of regionalism. The keystone of world peace is conceived to be an agreement between Russia, Britain and the United States, yet many problems are recognized as primarily local. Various sections of Europe, the theory goes, are bound to have aspirations or disputes which do not in themselves concern the United States, for example, and which American meddling might merely magnify.

Spheres of influence are bound to remain. The aim is to change their purpose and their meaning. In the past it has meant a big power reaching into smaller countries to fence them off as a special domain. The hope is to make it mean a recognition of economic, social and geographical factors which pull neighboring countries together.

Customs unions and monetary pacts fixing firmly the relative values of currencies are moves in this direction. Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg have already completed such agreements. France may join these three in the monetary pact, which sets a permanent ratio between Dutch guilders and Belgian and Luxembourg francs so that they rise or fall together in the world market. The Balkans are

in need of similar arrangements, although old hatreds make it harder for those countries to work with one another.

There is little likelihood, however, of actual federations among these regional groups, especially in Central and Eastern Europe, because Russia opposes any combination of her neighbors on the ground that it might turn against her. The Russian treaty with Czechoslovakia is admittedly a model of the kind of paternalistic relations the Soviets would like with bordering countries. On the military side, there is no tendency to weaken what strength smaller states can marshal, but Hitler's lesson that no one of them can resist a powerful aggressor is not forgotten.

Hull does not shy away from the fact that after the war there will be three big powers in the world — the United States, Britain and Russia. China is to be encouraged to become a fourth, as the best watchdog over Japan, but will have little voice in European affairs. France will have an important rôle, but not so large as to be able to stymie the other three.

The United States' position in the Western Hemisphere is considered a good pattern for the element of regionalism in the unnamed society of states. From the good neighbor policy is drawn the principle of developing trade and promoting defenses regionally and the caveat against one-sided economic exploitation maintained by meddling in internal politics. Accomplishments of the Pan-American Union in fields of health, education and com-

munications as well as politics are cited with pride; likewise the regional settlement of disputes, such as the Peru-Ecuador controversy which was finally solved by mediation.

IV

Here is the outline for a world organization, as it is tentatively shaping up: At the top will be the three or four powers and either two or three rotating seats, as in the old League, for the lesser powers or some intermediate executive body on which they have a voice. In this top council votes will probably have to be unanimous.

Beneath this council will be an assembly of all nations, each with an equal voice. The constitution probably will leave room for admission of a renovated Germany at some far-off time. The rule of unanimity, which often hamstrung the League, is likely to be dropped in this assembly and a simple majority or two-thirds vote is likely to be adopted. If that many smaller nations were agreed in opposition to the large powers, they could thus impose a veto.

Think of the attempt to impose oil sanctions on Italy at the time of the Ethiopian campaign as it might be handled through this new mechanism.

Only if the big powers in the top council agreed could the sanctions be put into effect. But a majority or two-thirds of the nations in the assembly could stop the action. In the old League, any opposition threw a plan out the window. Under the plan as

contemplated, any opposition in the upper council could still kill a plan, but no minor clique in the assembly could do so.

Thus the United States could not be made to take an action to which it did not agree, but no group of small countries could stop a democratic majority plus the big powers.

Plans call for a court to settle legal disputes and build up a firmer body of international law. For problems that do not yield to legal decisions, mediation machinery will be provided. Details have not been formulated, but the aims are clear. For example, certain boundary disputes are already covered by international law; changes caused by a shift in the course of a river are subject to adjudication by well-established principles. But other territorial questions, such as drawing frontiers across uncharted lands, need to be mediated, and settlements by mediation may eventually gain acceptance as precedents binding in law.

In enforcing peace, the big powers, of course, are expected to bear the brunt of maintaining the weapons. But the smaller countries will have their contributions to make, especially in relation to localized troubles. Australia and New Zealand, for example, are likely to have a share in the defense of nearby islands. The suggested transfer of small warships to Brazil is intended to enable that country to shoulder more responsibility for coastal defense, and perhaps to enable it to exert pressure should a South American nation move aggressively.

Hull's job is twofold. He must obtain the kind of pledge from the big powers which will be acceptable to all the world. At the same time he must implement it by receiving American agreement to permanent commitments. His method is to work up everywhere a feeling of urgency — of eagerness to make this peace durable.

The bond among the three big nations is real, our Secretary of State believes. He holds the view that there are no profound conflicts of interest among them, despite the Soviet Union's statist economy. The planners support it with the mathematical proposition that the U. S. A. and Britain cannot beat Russia and Russia cannot beat them. No one of them wants war. Anglo-American trade competition, Hull is convinced, does not weaken our common interest in world security. There has been no change in the axiom enunciated during the meeting of Premier Ramsay MacDonald and President Hoover 15 years ago:

"It is unthinkable that our two countries shall ever fight."

As between Russia and the United States, our lack of territorial ambitions removes a major cause for conflict. American diplomats returning from Russia have reported that Moscow aspires to become a great Pacific power, but there is reason to hope that Russia will devote herself to developing its present Asiatic territories instead of seeking more.

Stalin has undoubtedly given assurances that beyond the specific frontier expansions already announced

he does not seek to move into Europe. Should these assurances be violated, by military action or political conniving, a clash with American interests may well arise. Banking on Stalin's promise to restrict himself within the enlarged Soviet frontiers may be a gamble. Roosevelt and Hull are ready to take this gamble, if only because they see no other road to peace.

In speaking to important American visitors, Stalin has emphasized the magnitude of his task of reconstruction. The scale of his plans may be judged from the fact that he told an American official that Russia would want 40,000 locomotives from the United States after the war — more than our total production in two decades! — and 5,000,000 tons of steel rails. The hope that Russia, once military security is guaranteed, will wish to turn its full energies inwardly on the reconstruction job is perhaps the strongest foundation for the Roosevelt-Hull gamble.

The fact is that the entire American plan for peace and world organization depends, in the final analysis, upon Russian collaboration. If there is any real alternative, Washington planners cannot see it. A settlement with Russia is the number one objective.

Many more settlements are needed, however. In order not to sink the ship by the weight of its fittings, the special international bodies which have already begun to be formed probably will be kept separate, with strong ties to the main world organi-

zation. These are the commissions on food and agriculture, civil aviation, currency, shipping, trade, labor and communications. These special commissions are going into operation ahead of the over-all political organization. In many cases they provide a clue to how bigger problems are going to be faced. When the central body is set up, provisions will be worked out to prevent disagreement on any of these minor subjects from wrecking the whole peace system.

Nothing like the Versailles conference is contemplated. Most American officials believe Europe should be allowed to settle down before a treaty is signed with Germany. Scores of problems haggled over at Paris after the last war either may be solved or clarified before the treaty ever comes up. This implies that Germany will be kept under military rule for some time. Once established in their countries, some governments now in exile may be able to settle their boundary disputes among themselves, by mutual agreement, instead of awaiting an Allied decision.

American planners would like to see the main peace organization established before a peace with the Axis is signed. They want a United Nations body to be set up even before the war is over. The constitution of the world organization thus would not be a part of the treaty with the defeated enemies, as the League of Nations was, but an independent institution.

Apparently one of the main obstacles to immediate action in setting

up the United Nations political organization is the impending American elections. The administration fears that in the heat of the campaign party lines may be drawn on issues that are conceived as non-partisan. If the peace organization is put before the country and Congress now it may be op-

posed for political rather than policy reasons and Hull is doing everything he can to keep his peace plan non-partisan. But the blueprints for the organization are on hand, the materials are assembled, and here and there pieces of the actual structure are emerging to view.



Logic

I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will, and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it.

— CERVANTES, *Don Quixote*



The Free Man

I would rather sit on a pumpkin, and have it all to myself, than to be crowded on a velvet cushion. I would rather ride on earth in an ox-cart with a free circulation than go to Heaven in the fancy car of an excursion train and breathe a malaria all the way.

— H. D. THOREAU, *Walden*

THE MIRACLES OF PENICILLIN

BY WILLIAM E. CRAFT

SUFFICIENT authoritative evidence has now been accumulated to permit a reasonably definitive evaluation of the spectacular microbe conqueror, penicillin. Extraordinarily, most of the early press reports based on isolated cases and colored with sensational headlines of miraculous cures have been largely confirmed by more mature observation and extended experience.

Unlike most so-called miracle drugs, penicillin has not only fulfilled all expectations, it has actually exceeded some of the most unrestrained predictions. Additional important diseases have been found to be susceptible to its curative action, and instead of the dangerous toxic reactions which became apparent as the sulfa drugs were used more widely, treatment of thousands of cases with penicillin has revealed no toxic effects of consequence. This exceptional drug succeeds where the sulfa drugs fail; in antibacterial potency, penicillin is roughly one thousand times more powerful than the sulfa drugs.

Conservative medical observers, who ordinarily shun superlatives, now

recognize penicillin as one of the great medical discoveries of all time. Viewed in terms of human life, it may well be considered the greatest single development to emerge from this war. For there can be little doubt that through the years penicillin will save more lives than this and future wars will expend.

For the past year, while the vivid press reports were stimulating desperate pleas for unobtainable quantities of this lifesaving drug, specially selected groups of hospital physicians were quietly proceeding with a painstaking investigation of penicillin's value in virtually every known disease, covering thousands of cases. This unprecedented study, carefully planned and supervised by the National Research Council's authoritative Committee on Chemotherapy, was designed to determine just what penicillin would and would not do, with a minimum expenditure of the precious chemical. The findings of this investigation — recently revealed in a special report to doctors coincident with the release of penicillin for civilian use — establish penicillin as

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the undisputed victor over a long list of serious infections, many of which were formerly almost invariably fatal.

Heading the list of diseases subdued by penicillin are all infections produced by the highly virulent staphylococcus. This pus-forming microbe, which causes severe boils, carbuncles, abscesses, and the crippling bone disease, osteomyelitis, also is a common contaminant of wounds, producing gaping lesions that fail to heal. Often it invades the blood system, with a swiftly fatal result. Resistant to all other methods of treatment, including sulfa drugs and blood plasma, these ordinarily overwhelming cases of blood poisoning yield to penicillin with a rapidity that is often incredible. For example, there is the case of the New York City baby only eighteen days old who was said to have had a nasal catarrh at the time he was brought home from a maternity hospital. A few days later he suddenly became worse and was rushed to the Columbia Presbyterian Hospital Medical Center. On admission to the hospital the stricken baby was in acute distress, blue and gasping for breath. His nose and mouth were almost completely clogged with a thick, mucous secretion, and a hemorrhagic membrane had formed on the back of his throat. Immediate tests revealed the deadly staphylococcus in the infected nose and throat. Another test showed that the invader had already spread through the blood system. In addition, X-ray examination showed a diffuse pneumonia condition had taken hold.

The outlook seemed hopeless for this baby who had started life just eighteen days before. Nevertheless, he was placed in an oxygen tent and given sulfa drugs. After five days he was still alive but getting no better. At this point penicillin was injected. Within twenty-four hours this baby was well along the road to recovery, and in succeeding days he continued to progress with a swiftness that was no less than spectacular. The poisoning in his blood system had been promptly sterilized, the hemorrhagic membrane disappeared completely, and X-ray examinations during the third week revealed that the pneumonia had entirely cleared.

Penicillin has proved to be equally effective against the blood-cell-destroying streptococcus. This germ also is responsible for a great variety of infections, including septic sore throat, mastoid disease, erysipelas, peritonitis, wound infections, and puerperal fever, the tragic disease that has in the past claimed the lives of so many mothers at childbirth. The sulfa drugs are effective against some of these conditions; in others they are dismal failures. Penicillin is effective against all types. Some of its most brilliant results in this group of infections have been achieved in dying patients to whom sulfa drugs had previously been given without effect.

In combatting pneumonia, penicillin again surpasses all other forms of treatment. Many critically ill victims who had failed to respond to sulfa drugs and other measures have been

completely cured by penicillin in two to three days or less. One of these, typical of the many, was a seven-year-old girl who was brought to the Stanford University Hospital in a prostrate condition. In addition to severe pneumonia, an alarming amount of pus had formed in her chest cavity. Her body was hot with a high, irregular fever and she was further weakened by a serious anemia. An opening was made in her chest wall and a tube inserted to drain off the fastly accumulating pus. In spite of this emergency procedure, she continued to fail rapidly.

Finally, penicillin solution was poured directly into the chest cavity through the drainage tube, which was then closed with a clamp. It was as though life itself had been instilled into the body of this dying girl. Within twelve hours she was apparently well! Her temperature fell to normal and remained there, and all fluid subsequently obtained from her chest was sterile. Several more doses of penicillin were administered through the tube, but as the physicians who described this case state, the additional doses were probably unnecessary. The dramatic recovery of this girl must have seemed a miracle to her distraught parents. Perhaps it was. But there have been many more like it and there will be countless millions in the future.

As the intensified investigation of penicillin's microbe-destroying ability widened, one disease after another fell before its relentless attack. Pitted against the meningococcus, the mi-

crobe that invades the membranes of the brain with deadly effect, penicillin again emerged an easy victor. Here also, penicillin succeeds where the sulfa drugs fail.

High on the list of other deadly diseases that have resisted all other forms of treatment is the usually fatal heart infection, bacterial endocarditis. In this disease the valves of the heart are infected, and a continuous flow of microbes is discharged into the passing blood stream. Before penicillin was given a trial in this condition, authenticated recoveries were extremely rare. Penicillin has apparently succeeded in some instances; in others it has failed. Many of the failures occurred in patients treated early in the course of the investigation, at a time when suitable dosage and the best methods of administration had not yet been determined. Most of these patients received what was later recognized as totally inadequate doses. Since that time recoveries have been more frequent, and the treatment of this condition with penicillin is now being intensively studied. The outlook is very hopeful.

II

Penicillin's most decisive victory has been scored against venereal disease. It cures virtually 100 per cent of gonorrhea cases in a period of twenty-four to forty-eight hours. Often only five injections, given at three-hour intervals throughout a twelve-hour period, are all that is required. Signifi-

cantly, chronic infections that have persisted for months and have resisted all other forms of treatment have yielded to penicillin with the same rapidity as freshly contracted infections. There is no apparent reason why this widespread disease cannot now be eliminated by the direct expedient of curing all sources of contagion. This will necessarily take some time to accomplish and will require the successful detection of all cases of infection. More stringent measures will have to be employed by the public authorities, such as wider adoption of laws requiring thorough pre-marital examinations, and all newly discovered cases of the disease must be unremittingly traced to the transmitter of the infection.

Victims of the disease who may attempt to conceal its presence, believing that they can successfully treat themselves with this effective cure, are bound for disillusionment. Penicillin is inherently unstable, and without special handling it rapidly loses its potency. Solutions for injection must be prepared just prior to treatment, in accordance with a special technic which only physicians are qualified to perform. Penicillin is completely ineffective when taken by mouth, because it is rapidly destroyed by the acid secretions of the stomach.

Against syphilis, penicillin has achieved an even more spectacular success. After treatment with penicillin for the amazingly brief period of eight days, none of the corkscrew-shaped microbes responsible for this

vicious disease is detectable in lesions which before had been thoroughly infected. Repeated blood tests have also failed to reveal any evidence of infection. The usual treatment of this disease with the famous "magic bullet" ordinarily requires one or more years. Even with the most favorable conditions, results are not always satisfactory, and there is the ever-present danger of toxic reactions from that drug. Many patients tire of the prolonged weekly injections, and it is often difficult for physicians to maintain the strict control over patients that is essential for a successful result. Too frequently, infected persons fail to return to the physician or clinic after the first few injections, and these irresponsible delinquents then become virtual hotbeds of contagion. This is the usual course among prostitutes and the even more dangerous teen-age "pick-ups" who have lately become such a problem to the military authorities. With penicillin, syphilitic individuals discovered in the early stages of the disease may be hospitalized or otherwise segregated and effectively treated in a matter of one week, before being discharged.

But there is just one reservation which must be observed at this time. Syphilis is a peculiar disease. The spiral microbes, called *Treponema pallidum*, have a habit of hiding deep in the body's tissues, remaining in a dormant state for long periods of time, and it is often difficult to establish conclusively whether or not final cure has been accomplished. Pro-

longed observation is necessary to determine whether the wily *Treponema* have been completely obliterated or only driven into temporary retirement. So far — and the observation period of the earliest treated cases is now fairly well extended — it looks like obliteration in most cases.

Penicillin will unquestionably displace the sulfa drugs and other forms of treatment in the many serious diseases in which it has proved to be superlatively effective. But in its present form it will probably never be subject to the rather promiscuous use and distribution that have characterized the sulfa drugs. It will not be available at pharmacies in all manner of ointments, sprays, nose drops, and medicated bandages, or in tablets to be consumed like aspirin. Nor is it likely to be dispensed on prescriptions filled by the pharmacist and delivered for the patient's use, as is the usual procedure with most medicines. Though final methods of distribution have not yet been put into effect — (penicillin is now sent by the manufacturer directly to hospitals in specially sealed, sterile ampoules) — it will probably be distributed to private physicians through established channels, without the patient ever seeing it before it is administered.

For this powerful germ-killer is strangely susceptible to heat and other external influences. Unless kept under refrigeration at all times prior to use, it rapidly deteriorates, with a corresponding loss of its antibacterial potency. If exposed to the moisture of

the atmosphere, its activity is lost even more swiftly. But when carefully stored in unopened containers under refrigeration, it will retain almost all its potency for six months or longer.

As received by the physician, penicillin is a yellowish powder, several doses of which are contained in the minute quantity present in each ampoule. Before administering the drug to a patient, the doctor dissolves the powder in a special, sterile solution, in varying dilutions according to the method of administration he has selected for the specific case. There are three common methods of treatment — intravenous or intramuscular injection, and local application. Penicillin is ineffective when taken orally, and because subcutaneous injections are likely to be painful, they are avoided. In systemic infections such as pneumonia, penicillin is injected into the veins, or into muscles, from which it is rapidly absorbed by the body. In most localized infections such as abscesses, infected joints, and meningitis, penicillin solutions are injected directly into the site of infection. In surface burns and wounds, the solutions are applied directly to the infected areas. Often a combination of systemic and local treatment is employed.

Most patients needing penicillin can expect to be treated in hospitals, where the most suitable facilities are available. For penicillin is rapidly excreted by the body, and injections must therefore be spaced at frequent

intervals, usually once every two or three hours throughout the treatment. Some of the most serious cases are given a continuous, slow infusion of penicillin solution into the vein. Obviously, it would be physically difficult for an unaided doctor to treat any considerable number of patients concurrently ill at home, giving repeated injections to each patient at intervals of three hours.

In spite of the wide variety of serious diseases penicillin has mastered, it has its limitations. It apparently has no effect on cancer, tuberculosis, ma-

laria, infantile paralysis, or virus infections, as well as a number of less well-known conditions. But viewing the future in the light of past experience, it is entirely possible that chemists will evolve variants of penicillin that will prove to be effective against some of these diseases. A number of promising related substances have already been discovered. These are now being actively explored, and an intensive search for additional antimicrobial substances is being continued without pause in many laboratories throughout the nation.



STREETS

By CHARLES ANGOFF

THERE are streets, near home or far away,
That speak the silent language of young womanhood,
Soft with quiet, inner laughter,
Eager to please, comfort and praise.

There are streets, beside parks and lakes,
That brood by day and come to life by night,
Filled with the glad secrets of earth
And the greater mysteries beyond.

There are streets, by the ocean or river,
That bristle and thud with commotion
Which ends suddenly with the setting sun,
Revealing a stark, otherworldly glory.

There are streets, short, narrow and still,
That have shy names, of times gone by,
Yet, once seen, lodge in the heart
And live as long as life's dearest memories.

THE SENATE AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

BY HUGH GIBSON

THERE is general recognition today that there is something unsatisfactory in the relations between the Senate and the Executive and that something should be done about it.

Many solutions are proposed.

It is suggested that we adopt the methods of parliamentary government to the extent of having the Secretary of State appear from time to time before the Senate and the House to answer questions and to make statements.

A variation of this is that an Under-secretary should have a seat in both Senate and House and be on hand to answer questions.

Still another suggestion often brought forward is that the Secretary should make periodic appearances before the Committee on Foreign Relations, in order to keep its members currently informed on matters which might call for senatorial action.

It has recently been proposed to set up a council on foreign relations, composed of representatives of the

Department of State and the Senate, to hold frequent meetings and thus facilitate relations between the two.

None of these suggestions really gets to the root of the problem.

It is no mere question of satisfying the curiosity of the Senate and keeping senators supplied with current international gossip—not even a matter of securing periodic senatorial guidance and approval. It is far more fundamental than that—a matter of integrating the authorities having to do with foreign affairs so that they can operate as one.

Most of this discussion is carried on in complete disregard of the original intent of the Constitution and of subsequent developments. For our immediate purposes it will suffice to recall that the conception of the founding fathers was that the President who was entrusted with negotiation should be above parties and that the Senate would be something in the nature of a privy council on foreign affairs.

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When our government was born there were twenty-six senators. Whether in New York or Philadelphia or Washington, the capital was a village. In the nature of things it was assumed the Senate would be aware of what was going on. The daily gossip of those in the know included what was going on in the State Department, then called the Department of Foreign Affairs. As a result senators were kept pretty well up to date in regard to foreign affairs. In addition the President and Secretary of State discussed their current problems with perhaps a smaller number, but still a larger proportion, of the Senate than is done in our day. The result was that when a treaty came before the Senate for its "advice and consent" there was more general knowledge of the actual negotiations leading up to its conclusion. They had more knowledge of why we had foregone this advantage and why we had consented to something else—a more general understanding of the reasonableness of the bargain. This being the case, it was not unreasonable to assume that there would be a two-thirds majority for any sensible agreement.

When it came to the matter of ratifying treaties, it was assumed that there would be consultation. It was, therefore, not unreasonable to prescribe that a treaty should be ratified only by and with the advice and consent of two-thirds of the senators present as, having had their share in shaping the treaty, they would be

normally ready to approve the result.

There have been great changes since that time and we must, as a practical matter, discuss the problem in the light of changed conditions, with the President acting as head of the party in power.

* The provisions of the Constitution were clearly based on the conviction that special measures of prudence were required for questions involving our relations with other countries.

There is no doubt that the Constitutional Convention intended to prescribe a close relationship between the President and the Senate. It seems clear that the "advice and consent" were intended to be, not those of an independent, jealous branch of the government, but rather the help of a council. The decline of this relationship is to be attributed, in some measure at least, to the unforeseen rise of the Cabinet and to the growth in numbers of the Senate. Thus was undermined the original intent of the founding fathers and the Senate's rôle evolved from one of support into that of a check upon the power of the President.

This check upon the power of the President gives rise to much current criticism of the Senate's rôle in foreign affairs.

The two-thirds rule is frequently attacked as undemocratic on the ground that there is no democracy save under majority rule. But even under a purely democratic process we sometimes consider it wise to be far more exacting than that. For instance,

where the life or liberty of a single man is at stake, we require not a majority vote, not a two-thirds vote from the jury, but unanimity. Is that democratic? Would it not be better to hang him by majority vote? No, we feel that in cases where such precious things as justice and a human reputation are at stake, democracy is best upheld not by counting noses but by being very sure of wise and just decisions.

There is a reason for the two-thirds rule which is often overlooked. A treaty becomes the supreme law of the land and, once ratified, abrogates any domestic law which may be incompatible with it. A treaty can override the laws and even the constitutions of the states, and is thus a matter of special and legitimate interest to the senators as representatives of the several states. A treaty operates at the same time as a contract with a foreign government and as a municipal law.

This brings us to an aspect of the problem that is seldom considered in present-day discussion. If a domestic law proves unwise, Congress can repeal it by majority vote. However, when the Senate consents to ratification of a treaty, it has taken an irrevocable step. If the treaty proves unwise or harmful to our interests, there is nothing further the Senate can do about it, even by unanimous vote. We are bound for the duration of the treaty—in some cases for an unpredictably long time.

Quite aside from legal considera-

tions, there was a reason for the two-thirds rule based on human nature. It was felt that if treaties could be put over by majority vote any President controlling a majority could play fast and loose with such important matters, and that knowledge of the two-thirds requirement would have a sobering effect on the Executive in the negotiation of treaties.

It is generally overlooked that the two-thirds requirement is a direct brake on drastic changes of policy. Without this provision the lack of continuity would be even more pronounced than it is now. It would seem unwise to allow a single party to determine a course of action solidly opposed by the opposition party. In binding the country for the future there is much to be said for making obligations contingent on the assent of both parties if we are to hope for continuity of policy.

We often hear the criticism that by the two-thirds requirement a minority of the Senate is made master of our fate. It might be put in another way—that in matters of such moment we should be prudent enough to require preponderant approval. We see nothing tyrannous in the fact that a single member of the jury can block a verdict carrying the death penalty.

Much of the discussion assumes that the Senate operates solely according to its own whims and caprices, regardless of the feeling and wishes of the country. This is hardly borne out by the facts.

Another stand-by in these discus-

sions is the rhetorical question: "Why, if we can be taken into war by a majority vote, should a two-thirds vote be necessary to establish peace?"

This question, however, does not give us an entirely accurate picture. Neither part of it is strictly true. There is no analogy between the two votes. First, as to Congress "taking us into war" — this presents a picture of a war-minded Congress voting a peaceful country into war, regardless of public will. It overlooks the fact that the rôle of Congress is usually something of a formality. The resolution usually does no more than take note of an already existing state of war. Indeed, it often expresses itself only when hostilities are already under way and then not in the form of a declaration of war but rather of a formal recognition that a state of war exists. In such cases the vote has in practice exceeded the two thirds needed for a treaty. We remember the "eleven willful men" who voted against the resolution in 1917. In 1941 there was an even smaller vote of those who refused to recognize the fact that we were at war.

In view of this we might well raise the requirement on declaration of war to two thirds or four fifths, but that would not seem to imply the need for reducing the two-thirds requirement for the ratification of treaties. The two subjects are not interdependent.

A treaty of peace is a far-reaching agreement. It establishes not only peace but mutual agreements, which

bind us perhaps for generations. It becomes a contract with other nations — perhaps many other nations. Once accepted, we are irrevocably bound. We must be sure it does not conflict with obligations under other treaties.

II

The conviction of the founding fathers that Congress must play a powerful rôle is shown by the fact that the war-making power is confided to Congress alone. The intent of this was to make the declaration of war a subject of sober discussion and not to leave it to the judgment of a single man. This is what we have on paper, but as a matter of fact, congressional power is considerably less conclusive than was originally intended. The Executive can readily outmaneuver a reluctant Congress by creating a situation where a declaration of war becomes inevitable.

We have come a long way from the original intent of the Constitution. Little by little the Executive has taken over the field, partly by intent, but perhaps even more through inevitable development. The fact remains that the vital word "advice" no longer has any meaning. The Senate is not consulted about appointments of our representatives abroad.

It is much the same as to the Senate's rôle in regard to treaties. As a rule, there is nothing in the nature of consultation to elicit advice from the Senate during the negotiation of a treaty. That is a change from earlier

days — a material change in the relationship between the Senate and the Executive — brought about by the growth in the number of senators from twenty-six to ninety-six. The demands upon the time and energy of the Executive grew in even greater proportions; uninterrupted contact between the two branches was no longer possible. There is, as a rule, some hasty last-minute coaching of strategically placed senators, in order that they may be in a position to support the Administration during the hearings on a given treaty. This, however, is not so much to secure their advice as to make sure of their support.

The President has always, regardless of the intent of the Constitution, exercised full authority in the recognition of other governments and in breaking off diplomatic relations. In these steps, sometimes of great importance, he acts in his own discretion. Congress seeks, on occasion, to assert itself by calling upon the Secretary of State for information on a given matter, but it has no power to secure this information. Any unwelcome inquiry is disposed of by a letter from the Secretary of State to the effect that transmission of the desired information is not deemed to be "compatible with the public interest." And Congress is estopped from going any further.

The Senate, although deprived of its rôle of adviser in the conclusion of treaties, still feels its constitutional responsibility; but to discharge that

responsibility it is thrown back upon its function of "consent." As a rule, the Senate sees the text of a treaty for the first time when it is submitted with a request for consent to the exchange of ratifications. It is too late to offer "advice," except by the heroic method of insisting upon reservations or even revisions of the treaty as a condition of senatorial consent.

In the case of the Versailles Treaty, to take the most striking example, there would seem to be no doubt that the other nations would have agreed to the reservations which President Wilson refused to accept. And it should be borne in mind that these reservations would not have conflicted with the character of the League of Nations as it actually developed. If the Senate has serious misgivings that the treaty is harmful to American interests, it has only one recourse, and that is to withhold consent to the exchange of ratifications.

Even so, there is a good deal of exaggeration in this criticism of the Senate. Most of it centers around its refusal to consent to the ratification of the Versailles Treaty. There were many other elements involved, and this was not typical of the senatorial exercise of its treaty-making powers. Whatever the misdeeds of the Senate may have been in this particular instance, we should do well to recall that fewer treaties have been rejected by the Senate than those which the President has failed to ratify after securing unconditional approval from the Senate. The Senate acts far more often to

promote and implement presidential purposes than to thwart them. We might also recall that most of the amendments about which so much fuss has been made were moderate, and even insignificant, and that, for the most part, they might have been obviated if there had been some facilities for securing the advice of the Senate. Whatever the opinions of excited critics, the Senate is not constantly obstructive. Its present setup, however, does not afford the Senate scope for constructive action, or for the exercise of its constitutional powers in the field of foreign affairs.

The fault lies neither with the senators nor the Executive, but primarily with our system — to put it more accurately, with changes in our system. If the negotiators could know the difficulties any given treaty was likely to encounter in the Senate before they set out, they would be guided in their negotiation. If, on the other hand, both majority and minority in the Senate understood just what the State Department was trying to accomplish and why it was adopting a given course, word would get around that the agreement reached was reasonable, and in a majority of cases there would be no difficulty about ratification. It is fashionable to picture senators as making trouble for the administration for the joy of obstruction, but experience does not bear out this impression. Senators have a definite responsibility under the Constitution. When instruments are brought before them which they do not under-

stand or of which they disapprove, they properly show a disinclination to accept anybody's say-so for the performance of their constitutional duty. Taking them as a body, they show a high sense of responsibility for the best interests of the country.

It may be added that there is an increasing tendency to resort to the conclusion of executive agreements which do not have to be submitted to the Senate. While such agreements are sometimes justified, any wholesale use of them is a clear evasion of the intent of the Constitution.

There has always been a field for executive agreements, but in the last few years this field has been dangerously extended with clear intent to evade constitutional checks. A striking indication of this encroachment upon the functions of the Senate is to be found in a book entitled *International Executive Agreements*, by Dr. Wallace McClure, an official of the Department of State. In this volume we find this rather startling statement: "The President can do anything by executive agreement that he can do by treaty, provided Congress by law cooperates, and there is a very wide field of action in which the cooperation of Congress is not necessary; indeed where Congress possesses no constitutional authority to dissent."

This would appear to be a daring statement to come from an officer of a government department. The Supreme Court has often upheld executive agreements, but has never gone so far as to declare obsolete or superfluous

the provisions of the Constitution on the subject of treaty making.

The line of demarcation between treaties and executive agreements has never been precisely defined. It is this very lack of definition that has made it easy for the Executive to use the latter as an expedient to sidestep the Senate.

There is one common-sense distinction that can be made, despite Mr. McClure's contention. A treaty is not valid until it is approved by the Senate. An executive agreement, according to established usage, is valid on signature and need not await approval by Congress.

There is another aspect to the distinction between the two forms of document. As we have already seen, a treaty, once ratified, abrogates any domestic statute inconsistent with it. It overrides state constitutions. An executive agreement can do neither of these things.

However, the excessive use of executive agreements may lead us into disastrous complications.

Let us take, as an illustration, the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, set up by the agreement signed on November 9, 1943. This document was clearly an executive agreement rather than a treaty, because it became effective on signature, without need for senatorial action. The only call for such action would come from a request for appropriations which Congress would have full freedom to grant or to withhold.

It would seem that the voting of

appropriations would imply approval of the agreement itself. This suggests a convenient way of securing congressional approval by indirection. It boils down to the fact that the President can sign an agreement with the proviso that it is "subject to the approval of the Congress" and thereby relieve himself of the obligation of making a treaty and submitting it to the Senate for approval by a two-thirds vote. If that can be done in any matter where we assume obligations, the question arises whether he could not follow the same course for an agreement taking us into a league of nations or a world federation or a military alliance. The only guarantee against this would be the determination of the Senate to keep its constitutional power, even in a matter commanding approval of a majority.

There seems to be general agreement that there is something wrong with this development of relations between the Executive and the Senate but wide divergence of opinion as to what should be done.

On one hand, there is the demand that the Senate be deprived of the power of "advice and consent," which we have already dealt with. At the other extreme, the contrary demand for extension of senatorial jurisdiction to share in the negotiation of treaties.

We may well consider whether this latter suggestion is not based on a fundamental misconception, whether it would not tend to lessen rather than augment the rôle of the Senate in foreign affairs. The clear intent of the

Constitution was to entrust the handling of actual negotiation to the Executive with the benefit of senatorial guidance and advice. It was intended that the advice of the Senate should have behind it the sanction of "consent"—in other words, that the Executive should always have in mind the knowledge that the Senate was in a position to withhold consent to the exchange of ratifications; in fact, it went further than this. It was assumed that the President would be above parties, and that any question of ratification would be decided on its own merits and not as a partisan matter.

III

The field of each branch of the government was clearly defined. If the Senate descends into the arena of negotiation, it inevitably abdicates a part of its constitutional power. If it sits at the peace table and participates in negotiation, it assumes a share of responsibility. By what right can it later dissociate itself and refuse approval of arrangements it has helped conclude? It cannot play both sides.

What the Senate desires and needs is a fuller knowledge of the reasons behind the agreements reached, the processes followed, and the justifications for demanding this or conceding that. The Executive needs advance knowledge of senatorial views. Such knowledge in advance and during the actual negotiations would help to avert a host of misunderstandings. But

neither of these requires senatorial participation in the actual negotiation. There is no reason for this and a number of reasons against. The real need might be met by having adequate representation of the Senate in an advisory capacity, both in the studies preliminary to the treaty negotiations and during the negotiations themselves. Our problems are not solved by having the senators participate in the daily grind of discussion with foreign powers. It is, however, highly desirable to have them constantly available for advice and as witnesses to the reasonableness of the agreements reached. If any such expedient is adopted, it should be borne in mind that if we are to escape partisan handling of foreign affairs the Executive must set the pace. Both the major parties should be represented in an attempt at cooperation.

There is undoubtedly ground for the uneasy feeling that the Senate is not playing its part in foreign affairs, but the remedy does not necessarily lie in embarking on activities for which the Senate is not equipped. It would seem to lie rather in getting back to the intent of the founding fathers.

There is agitation to deprive the Senate of its treaty-making powers. It is a serious matter to tamper with the provisions of the Constitution. Particularly so when there is no general and continuing purpose in view. Most of the current discussion is aimed at assuring the adoption of the agreements to be concluded at the end of

the present war. This is based on a double-barreled conjecture — that the Executive will conclude desirable agreements and that the Senate will adopt an obstructive attitude. These are rather bold assumptions and offer meager grounds for tinkering with the balance of the Constitution.

In order to make a case for scrapping the provisions of the Constitution, we are edified with much loose talk about “the long record of senatorial sabotage” with lists of the treaties that have been rejected or mangled out of all recognition. That is, of course, one way of describing the record of the Senate. Another would be to call it the record of the Senate’s action in discharging its constitutional obligation of advice and consent. According to the first view, any refusal to consent to the ratification exactly as it is submitted by the Executive is sabotage. That is an assumption that will not bear scrutiny. We may well recall that the Constitution conferred on the Senate an important share in the treaty-making power. It was given the final say as to whether a treaty was to be put into effect or rejected. It could temper its power of rejection by the formulation of reservations or by demanding amendments as a condition of approval. It is difficult to see on what grounds all exercise of these powers can be condemned as reprehensible abuse of power.

Those who want the Senate shouldered aside have also produced some figures to show how the will of the overwhelming majority of the people

can be thwarted by senators from a third of the least populous states. If the necessary thirty-four negative votes came from the seventeen states in this category, a treaty desired by some one hundred and twenty millions of our people could be rejected by those representing only some ten millions. According to this method of calculation we must assume that all the people in seventeen states are against the treaty and the other one hundred and twenty millions unanimously in favor of it. That sounds bad enough, but it can be presented even more alarmingly. Suppose a treaty involving the future of the world were to be brought to a vote when nobody was looking and there was a bare quorum (half plus one of the senators being on hand), it can be worked out that three and a half millions of the population could, through their senators, defeat the desires of eighty-eight millions. Variations can be played on this theme until it seems as though we might as well give up the idea of having any treaties. There may, however, be some reassurance in the fact that never in the wildest flight of the imagination can such an alignment be looked upon as a possibility. There is nothing in the entire history of the Senate to give color to such hysterical figuring.

To be logical, however, we might see what happens in legislation adopted by majority vote. There we might well find cases where the majority of senators did not represent a majority of the population. The only remedy for

that would be to scrap the whole conception of senatorial voting and give each senator a vote based on the population of his state. And when we have got there, where are we?

Most of the current criticism gives the impression of the Senate as a body that flouts the will of the nation and imposes its own on us. Often the critics seem to take as their starting point that their will is the will of the nation; that if they do not get their way violence has been done to democracy and that the Constitution ought to be stood in the corner. It is difficult to see how the Senate, however evil its purpose, can thwart the popular will and go on doing it. After all, if the country is displeased with the Senate it can change the entire membership in six years. If the Senate persists in flagrant disregard of the popular will, either the people can be depended on to exercise their privileges or we must admit that they attach so little value to their rights that they have surrendered to an oligarchy. We ought to carry this discussion a step further. If it is true that we are living under the tyranny of one third of the Senate, the evil is far more serious than we are given to understand even by those who call for remedial action. Abuse of

power in the matter of treaties is no more than a symptom. If the intent of the Senate is sinister in this one matter, what reason have we for assuming it is less evil in other respects? If we accept the idea that the Senate is hostile to the popular will and bent on frustrating it, the only logical remedy is to do away with the Senate altogether.

Perhaps the real solution lies in something other than depriving the Senate of its rôle in foreign affairs. Possibly it lies in the contrary course of giving the Senate a larger rôle.

We hear a good deal of agitation in the name of democratic control of foreign policy, that the Senate should be eliminated from any share in the treaty-making power. This comes pretty close to being a contradiction in terms. Democratic control must be — and can only be — exercised through the elected representatives of the people. At least no one has as yet put forward a plan to short-circuit the people's elected representatives and thereby secure something more democratic. The solution of this problem would, therefore, appear to be found not in eliminating the Senate, but in equipping it to resume the discharge of its constitutional function.



No man ever distinguished himself who could not bear to be laughed at.

—MARIA EDGEWORTH

WOOLLCOTT, A MINORITY REPORT

BY BENNETT CERF

THE temptation to forget a man's faults after his death, and to over-emphasize his deeds and contributions, is understandable enough. "Do not speak ill of the dead" is a maxim to which almost everybody subscribes. In the case of Alexander Woollcott, however, this glorifying process, it seems to me, is assuming the proportions of deification. His letters have been collected by loving friends (who took good care to leave out the more waspish and vitriolic ones), members of his family are composing elegies for sundry magazines, and now Samuel Hopkins Adams, his old fellow alumnus and sponsor from Hamilton, is writing a biography which may be expected to give the great Woollcott myth another shot in the arm.

Not even Woollcott's worst enemies — a goodly assemblage with representatives in every city and hamlet that the Master hit in the course of his wanderings — will deny that he was an extraordinary man who made a genuine contribution to the gaiety of the nation. He was a superb storyteller, although he often padded his tales with whimsy-whamsy of the

most appalling variety. He fought with no holds barred for the things he believed in, although he could become as much aroused in a defense of Minnie Madden Fiske as for an all-out campaign against fascism. He truly loved the theatre, and his unbounded enthusiasm helped some really good plays to catch on with the public. He turned several books into best-sellers single-handed, although a summary of the titles reveals all too clearly a taste that was most erratic, if not downright over-sentimental and second-rate. (A few of his more violent enthusiasms: *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*, *The Chicken Wagon Family*, *Lost Horizon*, *Goodbye Mr. Chips*.)

One of the prerequisites for his idea of a masterpiece was its discovery by himself. A new play or book that was recommended by somebody else was usually doomed in advance. When he raved about something and the whole world did not echo his sentiment, Woollcott became truly convinced he had discovered a classic and embarked upon a crusade that stopped at nothing. George Macy had the temerity to appoint him a co-judge for the

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Readers Club with Sinclair Lewis, Clifton Fadiman and Carl Van Doren. He never agreed with them on anything; the oftener they rejected some of his weird proposals, the harder he would thump for them at the next meeting. Because of him, they finally changed the whole procedure governing selections.

Woollcott's manners, atrocious to begin with, became progressively worse when he discovered how much people were willing to take from a great celebrity. *The Man Who Came to Dinner* crystallized and enhanced the Woollcott myth a hundred fold; it turned his insults into high comedy, and undoubtedly prevented his being socked in the jaw at least twice a week. His closest friends forgave him his rudeness, his bad sportsmanship, his failure to understand the very fundamentals of fair play. True, Harpo Marx dubbed him "just a big dreamer with a remarkable sense of double-entry bookkeeping." Noel Coward addressed him as "Little Nell of Old Dreary." Robert Benchley called him "Louisa M. Woollcott." To George Jean Nathan he was the "Seidlitz Powder of Times Square." Charlie Brackett swore that he wouldn't even talk to a man who wouldn't make a good magazine article; Heywood Brown added that an exception might be made for sycophantic souls who would play ghost to his Hamlet — and *never* step out of character. Edna Ferber averred that he was just "a New Jersey Nero who mistook his pinafore for a toga."

These, mind you, were Woollcott's friends. What some of the myriad of people he had insulted in one way or another called him may be left to the reader's imagination. Woollcott rather liked being called bad names by his friends; common salutations among the little set he bullied and bellwethered were, "Oh it's you, you fawn's behind," or "Who is this harpy standing here like the kiss of death," or "Get out, repulsive. You are beginning to disgust me." Such shenanigans he considered the height of humor. Let somebody outside the charmed circle take a swipe at him, however, and Woollcott reacted like so many other people who specialize in lampooning and mocking others. When his old friend Harold Ross, editor of the *New Yorker*, ran a profile of him by Woollcott Gibbs that told a few unpleasant truths, Woollcott went into a monumental rage, and didn't speak to him again for years.

II

Alexander Woollcott was born in 1887, in Phalanx, New Jersey, in a settlement that had once been dedicated to community, or cooperative living. The experiment hadn't worked, and Woollcott's grandfather had taken over the property. In 1889, the Woollcotts moved to Kansas City, where, according to Gibbs, little Alec developed such a knack for bellowing when he was hurt that a group of bullies formed a syndicate to exploit his talent. When they saw an adult ap-

proaching, they would throw Alec off the veranda of his home onto his head. He bawled so hard that the passerby frequently gave him a nickel as hush money. The gang then took the nickel. Woollcott swore that this story was a malicious lie.

In 1897 the Woollcotts moved to Philadelphia, and Alec attended Central High School there. Classmates were Ed Wynn and Harry Scherman, the guiding genius of the Book-of-the-Month Club. The three lads had little in common. Woollcott chose Hamilton College, in Clinton, New York, as his alma mater because he had been impressed by the worldly manner of a graduate of that institution. He had a fine time there, and Hamilton, along with the Seeing Eye, Mrs. Fiske, the Marx Brothers, Laura Richards, Ruth Gordon, Rebecca West, Sibyl Colfax, Dr. Eckstein and a few assorted articulate murderers and yegg-men became the greatest enthusiasms of his declining years.

As an undergraduate, he edited the college magazine, and starred in female rôles in the dramatic club productions. To a snowbound group in his dormitory he introduced the game of choosing for each person on the campus the one adjective which fitted him more perfectly than any other. He pointed out that, if the proper selections were made, everybody could be identified from the list of adjectives. For himself he selected "noble," but admitted later that "this was voted down in favor of another which reduced the whole episode in his

memoirs to the proportions of a disagreeable incident." When he graduated, Sam Adams gave him a letter of introduction to Carr Van Anda of the *New York Times*, where, after vain efforts to attune his expanding bulk and personality to the requirements of news reporting, he was given a whack at drama reviewing as a last resort. That was in 1914. It was the beginning of Woollcott's period of glory. A new despot came into his own.

Following a brief interlude as reporter for *Stars and Stripes* in France in 1918, where he wrote stories in the manner of Ernie Pyle with an over-larding of Elsie Dinmore, Mr. W. settled down for an indefinite run as the country's most respected drama critic, most relentless and feared gossip, and infinitely most accomplished raconteur. All three qualities made a radio career inevitable, and as "the Town Crier" Woollcott became famous, wealthy and more ruthless and domineering than ever.

His social life was unbelievably complicated. He summoned whomever he willed to his home on East Fifty-second Street (named "Wit's End" by Dorothy Parker); surprisingly few refused. He spent weeks at the White House, and told the Roosevelts whom to have in to dine with him. He spoke at department store book fairs, autographing copies of his own anthologies, and insulting his audience and other authors who appeared with him. He bought an island in Vermont, charged his guests hotel

rates, and banished them when they wouldn't play croquet, cribbage, or hearts according to his own special rules. He installed a big double bed in the ground-floor guest room of this island retreat. It was comfortable but creaky, letting out a tell-tale groan when anybody moved in it. Woollcott called it the "informative double." His opinions became more and more didactic, his prose style more lush and untrammelled.

The Man Who Came to Dinner was the direct result of a typical Woollcottian sojourn at Moss Hart's new Bucks County estate. He bullied the servants, condemned the food, invited friends of his own from Philadelphia to Sunday dinner, and wrote in Hart's guest book, "This is to certify that on my first visit to Moss Hart's house I had one of the most unpleasant times I ever spent." He also suggested that Moss write a play in which he could star. The next day Hart was describing Woollcott's behavior to George Kaufman. "Wouldn't it have been horrible," he ruminated, "if he had broken a leg or something and been on my hands the rest of the summer!" The collaborators looked at each other with dawning delight in their faces and took the cover off the typewriter.

Some months later, Woollcott fulfilled a lecture date in Newark, and wheedled Hart into driving him over and back. "I'll do it on one condition," proposed Hart. "I once clerked in a bookstore in Newark and I'd like to show them that I'm a big shot now. I want you to let me sit on the

platform with you, and be introduced to the audience." When they entered the hall there was a single folding chair, sure enough, to the left of the speaker's table. Hart sat down, and began crossing and uncrossing his legs, while Woollcott delivered his lecture without making the slightest reference to him. At its conclusion, he said, "I usually have a question period at this time but tonight we'll dispense with it. I'm sure you'd all want to know the same thing: who is this foolish looking young man seated here on the platform with me?" With this he retired, leaving Hart to get out of the hall as best he might!

Woollcott's last years were devoted principally to playing himself in a road company of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. The rigors of the trip, coupled with the heart strain induced by a strenuous diet that lopped off over fifty pounds, weakened him to such an extent that he was prey to the slightest ailment. When he felt death approaching, the spluttering vindictiveness went out of his writing; he began to make peace with the world, and to write conciliatory notes to long-time enemies. He even made up with Harold Ross. This lent weight to the contention of his friends that at heart he never was quite the irascible, ill-mannered tyrant he pretended to be. He was stricken in the midst of a broadcast in New York; his last words were a bitter denunciation of weak-minded sentimentalists who were willing to make a soft peace with Germany.

III

Woollcott was a confirmed bachelor, whose only known romances were of a literary variety, or the plain hero-worship he bestowed on great ladies of the stage. Edna Ferber, departing for Europe one summer, declared, "I want to be alone on this trip. I don't expect to talk to a man or woman — just Alec Woollcott." Rebecca West wrote in a copy of one of her books that she sent him, "I append my married name to remind us both to keep our passion in bounds;" she was only joking, of course. The paucity of his own love life did not prevent his superintending the amours of his little circle, plotting the career of a protégé named Frode Jensen, or suggesting the steps to be taken in the bringing up of his four nieces. When one of them, Nancy, was twelve, her friends whipped up a magazine and rejected her every prose and poetry contribution promptly and firmly. Alec was as indignant as Nancy. He heartily approved when she inserted a paid advertisement (cost: six cents cash) which read as follows:

MISS NANCY B. WOOLLCOTT
THE MOST CHARMING WOMAN
IN THE WORLD
CALL BETWEEN 2:30 AND 3

When Nancy and her sisters visited their uncle, his grand manner and famous friends awed them completely. They reported to their hor-

rified mother that he had a portrait of himself reading on the toilet set right into the tiles of his bathroom, entitled "Laxation and Relaxation." They also were present when Ross, who has a lamentable gap between his front teeth, asked Woollcott's man for some dental floss. "Never mind floss," said Woollcott airily. "Bring him a hawser!" Woollcott was very proud of these nieces until they began to criticize him. One winter he sent his friends one of his slushy, raving notes — not about a book, play, or favorite charity this time, but a brand of whiskey. He was paid handsomely for the effort. The Lord knows what he would have said had any of his friends stooped to such commercial prostitution. The nieces sent him a note reading: "Buy stocks on margin if you must, but don't trail the family name in the dust!" In a sharp note to their father, Mr. W. remarked that if he could discover which of the nieces had dared perpetrate such sacrilege, he "would break her goddam neck!"

Woollcott accompanied Edna Ferber to an auction one afternoon. Suddenly she spied her mother, and made the mistake of hailing her by an uplifted hand. There was a crash of the auctioneer's hammer, and Miss Ferber discovered that she had become the owner of a particularly hideous grandfather's clock. Every time Woollcott told the story, the price of the clock was a little higher. On the George Kaufmans' fifth wedding anniversary (in 1922) he wrote them, "I have been looking around for an ap-

appropriate wooden gift, and am pleased hereby to present you with Elsie Ferguson's performance in her new play." When Gertrude Stein visited New York in 1933, she dared to dispute a statement of the great Mr. W. "I will forgive you this once," he said grandly. "You have not been here long enough yet to know that *nobody* disputes me!" "Woollcott," said Miss Stein with a hearty laugh, "You are a colossal fool!" The host, who happened to be myself, rolled off his chair with delight.

One evening I brought to a dinner party a lovely young lady whose aunt and uncle are both well-known California novelists. Woollcott was playing cribbage with Alice Duer Miller, and couldn't be bothered with rising from his seat. He inspected her coolly, however, and deigned to remark, "I know your aunt and uncle, of course. Your aunt is a splendid woman. Your uncle is an obscenity." (I borrow here a Hemingway device to indicate a four letter word that is not used in family magazines.) The young lady won my heart by replying, "My definition of that word, Mr. Woollcott, is a man who uses it to a lady he is meeting for the first time!" I'll say for Woollcott that he threw back his head and roared with approving laughter.

My own relations with him were severed by the Random House edition of Marcel Proust. C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, the translator of the first six parts, died before he could complete his task. After long deliberation and

consultation, we selected Frederick A. Blossom to translate the seventh and last of the Proust novels. Every critic approved his work but Woollcott, who launched into a tirade in the *New Yorker*, and made statements that enabled us to prove publicly that he didn't know what he was talking about. This was the sort of thing Woollcott couldn't forgive. One thing led to another, and finally I struck his name from the Random House review list. I made a perfect picture of a man cutting his nose to spite his face — because Woollcott's enthusiasms could make a book a bestseller more surely than anything else. I think it only fair to tell this story here, to indicate that this report is not exactly impartial, and that my recollections of Mr. Woollcott are not set down with what might be termed Olympian detachment.

While George Kaufman and Moss Hart were working on *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, Hart went to stay with Woollcott to study him once more at first hand. Hart has an insatiable curiosity for reading messages not intended for his eyes, an idiosyncrasy that did not escape Woollcott's attention. One morning Hart was busy devouring several of Mr. W's missives, not yet stamped and addressed, when he found one that read, "I'll ask you up here just as soon as I can get rid of that nauseating Moss Hart, who hangs on here like a leech, although he knows how I detest him." Hart was beginning to quiver with rage when he came to the postscript which

read, "Moss, my puss: I trust this will cure you of the habit of reading other people's mail!"

In the early thirties, Woollcott visited Russia, where he created a great commotion because of his striking resemblance to the bloated capitalist invariably depicted in Soviet cartoons. He weighed over two hundred pounds at the time; Soviet citizens had seen nothing like him since the fall of the Czars. Their hoots of laughter did not increase his love for the Russian experiment. ("Hoot" is used advisedly; one Moscow journalist declared that Woollcott looked exactly like an owl!) In England, Woollcott attended a small dinner given in honor of Edward, then Prince of Wales. He was deeply flattered when the Prince called him into private consultation after the ladies had left the room, but his elation vanished when the reason became apparent. "Woollcott," said the Prince, "you've got something to do with that blasted *New Yorker* magazine, haven't you? Well, why the devil do my copies reach me so irregularly?"

Later Woollcott visited Japan, where he was made so much of that he came back home with an overflowing heart. He raved about their "neatness and love of flowers — the sweet hum of their voices and the occasional deep boom of a vast gong at a temple on a

hill." He then ventured an opinion on our "future war with Japan," of which "he heard nothing from the Japanese — but in the bar of the Pekin Club, or in the veranda café of a Pacific liner, or among our own Army and Navy officers who are stationed in the Far East and have a lot of time on their hands." "I only hope," he concluded, "that if there ever is such a war and we win it, we shall remember that we won it because we are larger, richer, and more numerous, and not feel too proud about it. For I have seen just enough of Japan and the Japanese to suspect that such a victory might be only another of history's insensitive triumphs of quantity over quality!"

Well, more profound folk than the ingenuous Mr. Woollcott were taken in by the wily little Japs, and maybe it isn't quite fair to bring the matter up. At least, Woollcott lived to learn how wrong he had been.

All of his life, Alec Woollcott raged because people insisted on confusing his beloved Hamilton College, at Clinton, with Colgate University, at Hamilton, New York, not many miles away. When he died, he stipulated that his ashes be deposited in the Hamilton cemetery. David Beetle, editor of the *Hamilton Alumni magazine*, reports that, by the irony of fate, they were shipped first to Colgate, and had to be readdressed.



GERMAN PLANS FOR THE NEXT WAR

BY HENRY C. WOLFE

THE Nazis have taken military defeat into their calculations. Years before Hitler invaded Poland they were planning what to do if their armies, planes and U-boats should be beaten. In their long-range program for world domination, military defeat in World War II is provisional. It is an episode that ends one stage of a long, continuing campaign. In the Nazi grand strategy, ultimate victory may be a matter of another generation.

The Nazis count on turning even military defeat to their advantage. They have already turned the war to their advantage by making much of Europe over, in line with their long-range economic, social and military program. They have made provision to carry out that program regardless of what happens to Hitler and the other present Nazi leaders.

Eight years ago I heard Erich Koch, Gauleiter of East Prussia, forecast the Nazi campaign. "We shall beat you by one means or another," he warned me. "We are at war with your bourgeois civilization. The methods we use will be dictated by circumstances. At times we may fight you on the

battlefield; at other times it will be a war of ideas. We may suffer defeats; you may win victories. Or at least you will *think* you have won. But our will is stronger than yours. And in the end we shall smash you!"

We were sitting in the Gauleiter's office in Koenigsberg. Herr Koch made no bones about Nazi intentions. Yes, he and his colleagues might go down in the process of war against Germany's enemies. The Führer, Himmler, Goebbels — all the top-ranking Nazis took that into account. But, by that time, he maintained, Nazism as a faith and in practice would have made such headway in the Reich and neighboring countries that not even a crushing military defeat could liquidate it.

A year later in Berlin I talked with Alfred Rosenberg, director of the Foreign Affairs Section of the Nazi Party. Dr. Rosenberg was less direct than Herr Koch. He was ponderous and mystical. At the end of a long interview I pressed him into answering the question: How can Germany win? "We can destroy our enemies along with ourselves," he answered. "If we

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lose, our defeat will drag all Europe down into the abyss with us!"

Rosenberg (and this is probably true of Hitler, too) contemplates turning Europe into a vast Wagnerian funeral pyre whose flames would consume Germany's enemies along with a defeated Reich. This fits in with their *Götterdämmerung* psychology. But Himmler, Goebbels, Koch and other realists of the Party accept the idea of the Reich's destruction only so far as it fits into their plans for ultimate victory. In this respect their plans coincide with those of the German professional military hierarchy. Eventual victory is the determined policy of both groups.

Americans and Britons should understand this long-range Nazi plot to turn military defeat into ultimate victory. It is part of the program to make Europe over to suit Nazi economic, social, political and military policies. Here the Nazis have already made formidable progress. We would be making a tragic mistake to suppose that merely by killing Hitler and his fellow hierarchs we can head off eventual Nazi victory. That will not be enough.

To begin with, Nazism is at war with the so-called capitalist world. There may still be some befuddled conservatives in the democracies who think they see in the Nazi movement a bulwark against communism. They should understand that Nazism is as fanatically opposed to the individualist capitalist society as Bolshevism; perhaps more so, in view of recent nationalist drifts in the USSR. Ac-

cording to Erich Koch, a conflict between Russia and Germany "would be *a civil war in the totalitarian world.*" If there were any margin of doubt Herr Goebbels ended it in his May Day radio address this year, with his flat assertion that the anti-capitalist offensive "will be resumed on the first day of peace!"

The people in the democracies would do well not to mistake the Nazis' anti-capitalism for mere hostility to big business. It is more than a war against free enterprise. It is a war against the democratic way of life. Capitalism, in the Nazi mind, means the free way, the individual's way. The Nazis are out to smash it. And they have gone a long way toward doing just that in Europe. Their special victim is the middle class. On the Continent they have all but liquidated this class which is the backbone of the democratic world.

As part of their long-range conspiracy against the democratic world they have scrambled the economy of Europe deliberately. They have done it methodically. In the first place, they have looted on a colossal scale. They have taken paintings, jewelry, art objects and other readily salable treasures to the Reich for "safekeeping." They have set up dummy corporations in order to give the stamp of legality to their wholesale robbery of factories, mines, railways, banks, stores, shipping firms and other property. They have destroyed the accumulated capital and the business structures of the occupied countries.

The Nazis have not stopped at the mere physical removal of factories from the occupied nations to Germany. They have systematically geared the economies of these states to dependence on the Reich. In France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Poland and other victim countries they have integrated industries, railroads and markets into their *Grossraumwirtschaft*.

Subsidiary to this integration is a scorched earth policy that aims to impoverish the lands evacuated by the Nazis. Destruction postpones, may even prevent, the economic recovery of those lands. Naples and Kharkov are only two examples of the systematic destruction that the Germans leave in the wake of their retreating armies. A coal mine, a dam or a power plant cannot be removed to the Reich. But it can be flooded, dynamited or put out of commission. Buildings can be burned; harbors can be blocked with sunken ships. The war can even be carried to fruit trees and vineyards.

II

Once the war is over, the Nazis reason, Europe will want to get to work. She cannot wait for years to put her shattered house together again. There will be no time to move a transplanted French factory from Silesia back to the valley of the Seine. Jobless millions will be demanding employment. The Germans plan to be ready to step in and say: "Let's go to work at once. We have the plans. Not all our

machinery was destroyed by bombs. Give us the manpower and the raw materials and we shall produce for the world markets. That will mean employment and finished goods for you. We'll all prosper by this arrangement." This arrangement would ensure a highly industrialized Reich surrounded by dependent agrarian neighbors. In effect, Germany would be pretty well set for World War III.

General von Stuelpnagel, German commander in the Paris area, is reported to have put the case this way: "The conquest of the world will require numerous stages, but the essential is that the end of each stage brings us an economic and industrial potential greater than that of our enemies."

As an important move in their long-range strategy of victory the Nazis have transported millions of people from their homelands to other localities. Dutchmen, for example, have been shifted from the Netherlands to the Baltic States. Poles have been uprooted from their ancestral homes and settled in Western Germany. Whole regions of Europe have been depopulated; others have been populated by foreigners. This has all had a definite purpose. It is to create areas of solid "Germandom", to insulate the Reich against the "inferior" races. Perhaps most important of all, it aims to weaken the ethnic homogeneity of the victim countries.

Starvation, the Nazis hold, is as effective a weapon of war as the machine gun — and cheaper. Through a deliberate campaign of starvation,

they have undermined the health of the oncoming generation in the occupied lands. Tuberculosis has risen as high as 60 per cent in some countries under German occupation. Rickets, anemia and other diseases associated with malnutrition are widespread.

The youth of the Reich, on the other hand, is the best fed and the best trained physically of any young people in the warring countries of the Continent. A healthy and vigorous German generation will face a debilitated generation in the rest of Europe.

By their "depopulation policy" the Nazis have diabolically cut down the birthrate of the occupied nations. Almost two million French soldiers, for example, have been imprisoned by the Germans for four years. Back home these men would have been the fathers of French children. Millions of potential French, Polish, Belgian, Dutch, Norwegian, Serb, Greek and Russian fathers are held in Germany as slave laborers. In the occupied Slavic countries the Nazis keep husbands and wives separated as much as possible.

Dr Walther Gross, Hitler's "expert" and dictator on "racial policies," has carried out an incredibly brutal program of rape, forcible abortion, prostitution and "depopulation." Women in the enslaved countries are bred to German soldiers. The children born of such matings become citizens of the Reich. Castration is another Gross method of cutting down the birthrate of the "inferior" peoples.

Even in the normal pre-war years the French birth rate hardly equalled the death rate. Throughout the war the Nazis have used scientific "depopulation" to keep France permanently out of the ranks of the great powers. Some observers believe that in the decade after World War II the population of France may fall from approximately forty-one millions — the 1939 figure — to something less than thirty millions. The Nazis are looking ahead.

Their "depopulation" policy, they believe, may have more decisive military results a few years hence than any battle they may lose to the United Nations forces.

Nazi underground tactics are being oriented to turn military defeat to good account. From the beginning the Gestapo and the black-uniformed SS have made the fifth column, the Trojan horse and the underground movement their special field of warfare. Their efforts contributed powerfully to Hitler's initial "bloodless" victories. But the victim countries have retaliated with underground war against the Reich. For some time now Himmler's men have been studying this invisible enemy warfare with a new purpose. From Norway, France, Poland, Holland, Belgium, Greece — from all over the occupied Continent — information about enemy underground armies is pouring into Germany. Himmler is devoting the closest study to these reports. Picked Gestapo experts are cataloguing the enemy underground methods, its espionage and sabotage techniques, counter-in-

telligence work, press, propaganda and psychological warfare.

Underground forces in Norway, for example, are not likely to have contact with underground patriots in the French Midi or Greek Macedonia. The Polish underground at Lublin is not apt to be in contact with its counterparts in Belgium or Holland. Each hidden army is learning for itself in the hard school of experience. But from every region where United Nations underground forces are operating Himmler's men send detailed reports back to their chief. Some of his fanatical young Nazis are being smuggled into enemy underground movements. The Gestapo has, in consequence, a better over-all picture of underground methods than any other organization. *When the Nazis themselves have to go underground all this information will be at their service.*

If Himmler's plans carry through, the Nazi underground will function despite the chaos of military defeat, possible revolution and occupation of the Reich by enemy armies. The Nazi underground will continue the war. From neutral capitals come reports of a newly organized "Black Party" inside the Nazi ranks. The new party may be a decoy to divert Allied attention. Or it may be genuine. But every indication is that there will be a secret Nazi organization to work for victory after Germany's military defeat. Himmler is smart enough to train new Hitler Youth alumni to carry on for another generation after the present Nazi leadership has been liquidated.

III

How will the Nazis finance their post-defeat activities? Undoubtedly with money and other assets hidden in neutral countries. Much of this is booty from occupied Europe. There is reason to believe that the Nazis have concealed resources in Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal and Argentina. Some of this property may be in the names of individuals. The bulk of it is probably either in the names of camouflaged "domestic" corporations, hidden in strong-boxes or buried in the ground under the guardianship of Germans and trusted collaborators.

Civil war in Germany will not essentially alter the post-defeat program. Before the last shot is fired in this war the old-line German militarists and the Nazis may turn their guns on each other. But that would not prevent their long-range cooperation. This has from the first been a marriage of convenience. Each expects to be the ultimate victor over the other. But both are working toward the common objective of a victorious Reich. Their own showdown can wait.

Last November Dr. Goebbels wrote in the magazine, *Das Reich*: "Henceforth politics will be our guide and our mastery of it will enable us to excel our enemies." Erich Koch expressed the same thought to me: "We know politics better than our enemies do. We hold tenaciously to an idea." The Nazis confidently expect the American and British interest in Conti-

mental affairs to decline once a military victory over Germany is won. The Nazi pragmatists are charting their course with that in mind.

But there is one assumption which the Nazis consider of prime importance. That is their belief that the democracies will not be able to solve their own postwar social and economic problems. The Nazis bank on our failure to cope with gigantic debts, taxes, inflation, unemployment, economic stagnation and class conflicts. They expect rivalries within the ranks of the United Nations to make world economic recovery practically impossible. When the disillusioned, desperate masses find there is no hope from the victors, so Nazidom reasons, they will turn to the "dynamic" leadership offered by the Germans.

Hitler himself put this into words. The year he seized Austria and the Sudetenland he wrote:

A defeated nation can even better than a victorious nation be trained and prepared

for the day of final victory. It may happen that I cannot win victory at once in this coming war; we may be forced to interrupt it. Then we will all be back underground. But after some years, when the weak and inefficient democracies will have utterly failed to solve the world's postwar problems, then we will suddenly break loose from underground and our stupefied enemies will discover too late that millions of their own youth, misguided by weak education, disappointed by democracy's failure, will be on our side. Victory in this Third World War will be quick and easy.

There need be no Third World War. The postwar plans of the defeated Nazi hierarchy can be cancelled out as thoroughly as their present war plans will be. The unity of the democracies, their faith in the free way of life, can prevail over the Koch-Rosenberg schemes. But the democracies must be armed with knowledge of the enemy's intentions. They must not yield to the temptation of underestimating or ignoring their strength, even after military victory is won.



On Censorship—

THERE is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written. That is all.

— OSCAR WILDE

THE VILLAGER

A Story

BY SHIRLEY JACKSON

MISS CLARENCE stopped on the corner of Sixth avenue and Eighth street and looked at her watch. Two-fifteen; she was earlier than she thought. She went into Whelan's and sat at the counter, putting her copy of the *Villager* down on the counter next to her pocketbook and *The Charterhouse of Parma*, which she had read enthusiastically up to page fifty and only carried now for effect. She ordered a chocolate-frosted and while the clerk was making it she went over to the cigarette counter and bought a pack of Kools. Sitting again at the soda counter, she opened the pack and lit a cigarette.

Miss Clarence was about thirty-five, and had lived in Greenwich Village for twelve years. When she was twenty-three she had come to New York from a small town upstate because she wanted to be a dancer, and because everyone who wanted to study dancing or sculpture or book-binding had come to Greenwich Village then, usually with allowances from their families to live on and

plans to work in Macy's or in a bookshop until they had enough money to pursue their art. Miss Clarence, fortunate in having taken a course in shorthand and typing, had gone to work as a stenographer in a coal and coke concern. Now, after twelve years, she was a private secretary in the same concern, and was making enough money to live in a good Village apartment by the park and buy herself smart clothes. She still went to an occasional dance recital with another girl from her office, and sometimes when she wrote to her old friends at home she referred to herself as a "Village die-hard." When Miss Clarence gave the matter any thought at all, she was apt to congratulate herself on her common sense in handling a good job competently and supporting herself better than she would have in her home town.

Confident that she looked very well in her gray tweed suit and the hammered copper lapel ornament from a Village jewelry store, Miss Clarence finished her frosted and looked at her

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watch again. She paid the cashier and went out into Sixth avenue, and began to walk briskly uptown. She had estimated correctly; the house she was looking for was just west of Sixth avenue, and she stopped in front of it for a minute, pleased with herself, and comparing the building with her own presentable apartment house. Miss Clarence lived in a picturesque brick and stucco modern; this house was wooden and old, with the very new front door that is deceptive until you look at the building above and see the turn of the century architecture. Miss Clarence compared the address again with the ad in the *Villager*, and then opened the front door and went into the dingy hallway. She found the name Roberts and the apartment number, 4B. Miss Clarence sighed and started up the stairs.

She stopped and rested on the third landing, and lit another one of her cigarettes so as to enter the apartment effectively. At the head of the stairs on the fourth floor she found 4B, with a typed note pinned on the door. Miss Clarence pulled the note loose from the thumbtack that held it, and took it over into the light. "Miss Clarence —" she read, "I had to run out for a few minutes, but will be back about three-thirty. Please come on in and look around till I get back — all the furniture is marked with prices. Terribly sorry. Nancy Roberts."

Miss Clarence tried the door and it was unlocked. Still holding the note, she went in and closed the door behind her. The room was in confusion:

half empty boxes of papers and books were on the floor, the curtains were down, and the furniture piled with half-packed suitcases and clothes. The first thing Miss Clarence did was go to the window; on the fourth floor, she thought, maybe they would have a view. But she could see only dirty roofs and, far off to the left, a high building crowned with flower gardens. Someday I'll live *there*, she thought, and turned back to the room.

She went into the kitchen, a tiny alcove with a two burner stove and a refrigerator built underneath, with a small sink on one side. Don't do much cooking, Miss Clarence thought, stove's never been cleaned. In the refrigerator were a bottle of milk and three bottles of Coca Cola and a half empty jar of peanut butter. Eat all their meals out, Miss Clarence thought. She opened the cupboard: a glass and a bottle opener. The other glass would be in the bathroom, Miss Clarence thought; no cups: she doesn't even make coffee in the morning. There was a roach inside the cupboard door; Miss Clarence closed it hurriedly and went back into the big room. She opened the bathroom door and glanced in: an old-fashioned tub with feet, no shower. The bathroom was dirty, and Miss Clarence was sure there would be roaches in there too.

Finally Miss Clarence turned to the crowded room. She lifted a suitcase and a typewriter off one of the chairs, took off her hat and coat, and sat down, lighting another one of her

cigarettes. She had already decided that she could not use any of the furniture — the two chairs and the studio bed were maple; what Miss Clarence thought of as Village Modern. The small end-table-bookcase was a nice piece of furniture, but there was a long scratch running across the top, and several glass stains. It was marked ten dollars, and Miss Clarence told herself she could get a dozen new ones if she wanted to pay that price. Miss Clarence, in a mild resentment of the coal and coke company, had done her quiet apartment in shades of beige and off-white, and the thought of introducing any of this shiny maple frightened her. She had a quick picture of young Village characters, frequenters of bookshops, lounging on the maple furniture and drinking rum and coke, putting their glasses down anywhere.

For a minute Miss Clarence thought of offering to buy some books, but the ones packed on top of the boxes were mostly art books and portfolios. Some of the books had "Arthur Roberts" written inside; Arthur and Nancy Roberts, Miss Clarence thought, a nice young couple. Arthur was the artist, then, and Nancy . . . Miss Clarence turned over a few of the books and came across a book of modern dance photographs; could Nancy, she wondered affectionately, be a dancer?

The phone rang and Miss Clarence, on the other side of the room, hesitated for a minute before walking over and answering it. When she said

hello a man's voice said "Nancy?"

"No, I'm sorry, she's not home," Miss Clarence said.

"Who's this?" the voice asked.

"I'm waiting to see Mrs. Roberts," Miss Clarence said.

"Well," the voice said, "this is Artie Roberts, her husband. When she comes back ask her to call me, will you?"

"Mr. Roberts," Miss Clarence said. "Maybe you can help me, then. I came to look at the furniture."

"Who are you?"

"My name is Clarence, Hilda Clarence. I was interested in buying the furniture."

"Well, Hilda," Artie Roberts said, "what do you think? Everything's in good condition."

"I can't quite make up my mind," Miss Clarence said.

"The studio bed's as good as new," Artie Roberts went on, "I'm just going into the Army, you know. That's why we're selling the stuff."

"That's a shame," Miss Clarence said.

"Nancy's going on back to her family in Chicago. We've got to sell the stuff and get everything fixed up in such a short time."

"I know," Miss Clarence said. "It's too bad."

"Well, Hilda," Artie Roberts said, "you talk to Nancy when she gets back and she'll be glad to tell you all about it. You won't go wrong on any of it. I can guarantee that it's comfortable."

"I'm sure," Miss Clarence said.

"Tell her to call me, will you?"

"I certainly will," Miss Clarence said.

She said goodbye and hung up.

II

She went back to her chair and looked at her watch. Three-ten. I'll wait till just three-thirty, Miss Clarence thought, and then I'll leave. She picked up the book of dance photographs, slipping the pages through her fingers until a picture caught her eye and she turned back to it. I haven't seen this in years, Miss Clarence thought — Martha Graham. A sudden picture of herself at twenty came to Miss Clarence, before she ever came to New York, practicing the dancer's pose. Miss Clarence put the book down on the floor and stood up, raising her arms. Not as easy as it used to be, she thought, it catches you in the shoulders. She was looking down at the book over her shoulder, trying to get her arms right, when there was a knock and the door was opened. A young man — about Arthur's age, Miss Clarence thought — came in and stood just inside the door apologetically.

"It was partly open," he said, "so I came on in."

"Yes?" Miss Clarence said, dropping her arms.

"You're Mrs. Roberts?" the young man asked.

Miss Clarence, trying to walk naturally over to her chair, said nothing.

"I came about the furniture," the

man said. "I thought I might look at the chairs."

"Of course," Miss Clarence said. "The price is marked on everything."

"My name's Atkins. I've just moved to the city and I'm trying to furnish my place."

"It's very difficult to find things these days."

"This must be the tenth place I've been. I want a filing cabinet and a big leather chair."

"I'm afraid . . ." Miss Clarence said, gesturing at the room.

"I know," Atkins said. "Anybody who has that sort of thing these days is hanging on to it. I write," he added.

"Really?"

"Or, rather, I *hope* to write," Atkins said. He had a round agreeable face and when he said this he smiled very pleasantly. "Going to get a job and write nights," he said.

"I'm sure you won't have much trouble," Miss Clarence said.

"Some one here an artist?"

"Mr. Roberts," Miss Clarence said.

"Lucky guy," Atkins said. He walked over to the window. "Easier to draw pictures than write any time. This place is certainly nicer than mine," he added suddenly, looking out the window. "Mine's a hole in the wall."

Miss Clarence could not think of anything to say and he turned again to look at her curiously. "You an artist, too?"

"No," Miss Clarence said. She took a deep breath. "Dancer," she said.

He smiled again, pleasantly. "I might have known," he said. "When I came in."

Miss Clarence laughed modestly.

"It must be wonderful," he said.

"It's hard," Miss Clarence said.

"It must be. You had much luck so far?"

"Not much," Miss Clarence said.

"I guess that's the way everything is," he said. He wandered over and opened the bathroom door; when he glanced in Miss Clarence winced. He closed the door again without saying anything and opened the kitchen door.

Miss Clarence got up and walked over to stand next to him and look into the kitchen with him. "I don't cook a lot," she said.

"Don't blame you, so many restaurants." He closed the door again and Miss Clarence went back to her chair. "I can't eat breakfasts out, though. That's one thing I can't do," he said.

"Do you make your own?"

"I try to," he said. "I'm the worst cook in the world. But it's better than going out. What I need is a wife." He smiled again and started for the door. "I'm sorry about the furniture," he said. "Wish I could have found something."

"That's all right."

"You people giving up housekeeping?"

"We have to get rid of everything,"

Miss Clarence said. She hesitated.

"Artie's going into the Army," she said finally.

"Too bad. Well, good luck to both of you."

"You, too," Miss Clarence said, and closed the door behind him slowly. She listened for the sound of his steps going down the stairs and then looked at her watch. Three-twenty-five.

Suddenly in a hurry, she found the note Nancy Roberts had left for her and wrote on the back with a pencil taken from one of the boxes: "My dear Mrs. Roberts — I waited until three-thirty. I'm afraid the furniture is out of the question for me. Hilda Clarence." Pencil in hand, she thought for a minute. Then she added: "P.S. Your husband called, and wants you to call him back."

She collected her pocketbook, *The Charterhouse of Parma*, and the *Villager*, and closed the door. The thumb-tack was still there, and she pried it loose and tacked her note up with it. Then she turned and went back down the stairs, home to her own apartment. Her shoulders ached.



SPIRIT OF LIBERTY

BY LEARNED HAND

WE have gathered here to affirm a faith, a faith in a common purpose, a common conviction, a common devotion. Some of us have chosen America as the land of our adoption; the rest have come from those who did the same. For this reason we have some right to consider ourselves a picked group, a group of those who had the courage to break from the past and brave the dangers and the loneliness of a strange land. What was the object that nerved us, or those who went before us, to this choice? We sought liberty; freedom from oppression, freedom from want, freedom to be ourselves. This we then sought; this we now believe that we are by way of winning.

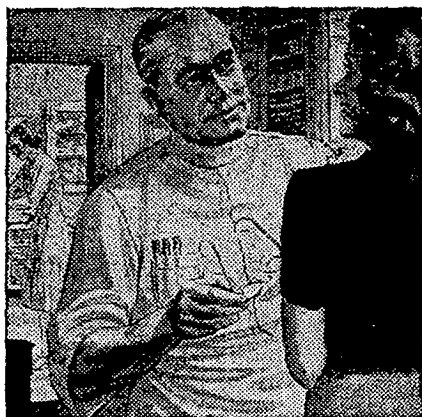
What do we mean when we say that first of all we seek liberty? I often wonder whether we do not rest our hopes too much upon constitutions, upon laws and upon courts. These are false hopes; believe me, these are false hopes. Liberty lies in the hearts of men and women; when it dies there, no constitution, no law, no court can save it; no constitution, no law, no court can even do much to help it. While it lies there, it needs no constitution, no law, no court to save it. And what is this liberty which must lie in the hearts of men and women? It is not the ruthless, the unbridled will; it is not freedom to do as one likes. That is the denial of liberty, and leads straight to its overthrow. A society in which men recognize no check upon their freedom, soon becomes a society where freedom is the possession of only a savage few; as we have learned to our sorrow.

What then is the spirit of liberty? I cannot define it; I can only tell you my own faith. The spirit of liberty is the spirit which is not too sure that it is right; the spirit of liberty is the spirit which seeks to understand the minds of other men and women; the spirit of liberty is the spirit which weighs their interests alongside its own without bias; the spirit of liberty remembers that not even a sparrow falls to earth unheeded; the spirit of liberty is the spirit of Him who, near two thousand years ago, taught mankind that lesson it has never learned, but has never quite forgotten: that there may be a kingdom where the least shall be heard and considered side by side with the greatest.

And now in that spirit, that spirit of an America which has never been, and which may never be; nay, which never will be, except as the conscience and the courage of Americans create it; yet in the spirit of that America which lies hidden in some form in the aspirations of us all; in the spirit of that America for which our young men are at this moment fighting and dying; in that spirit of liberty and of America I ask you to rise and with me to pledge our faith in the glorious destiny of our beloved country.

(From an address at "I Am An American Day," May 21, 1944)

Some mistaken beliefs about *Cancer*



✕ Misbelief #1...THAT CANCER IS A HOPELESS DISEASE

Far from it! Thousands of people have been cured of cancer. Many more are being cured now than ever before. This is the result of greatly increased knowledge and skill among doctors...of better facilities for diagnosis and treatment...of greater public realization that *successful treatment of cancer depends largely upon early recognition of the disease.*



✕ Misbelief #2...THAT ALL LUMPS AND GROWTHS ARE CANCERS

This, of course, is not true. The symptoms that *may* indicate cancer are often due to other causes—only a doctor can decide. A leading cancer clinic reports that, of the women who came for examination because they suspected cancer, only 11½% actually had the disease. The point is that all of them received immediate professional attention.



**✗ Misbelief #3 . . . THAT CANCER
CAN BE CURED WITH MEDICINE**

It cannot! Beware of quacks who promise quick cures using unproved methods. *The only known methods of treating cancer effectively are X-rays, Radium, and Surgery*, alone or in combination. In skilled hands these proved methods are successfully treating cases which, not many years ago, would have been judged hopeless. Getting to the doctor early is *your* greatest contribution toward cure.

**✗ Misbelief #4 . . . THAT CANCER
STRIKES WITHOUT WARNING**

Cancer *does* give warning! Some of the common signs of cancer are listed below. Every man and woman over the age of 30 should know them, as a wise measure of self-protection. Should any of them appear, *see your doctor!*

- Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast.
- Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.
- Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.
- Loss of appetite, or persistent, unexplained indigestion.
- Noticeable changes in the form, size, or color of a mole or wart.
- Any persistent change from the normal habits of elimination.

For more information, request Metropolitan's free booklet, 84-L, entitled, "A Message of Hope About Cancer."

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DEBORAH: THE FEMALE SOLDIER

By STEWART H. HOLBROOK

IT was very fitting that the 320th Liberty ship, launched from the Bethlehem yards at Baltimore on April 10 this year, honored the name of Deborah Sampson Gannett, the sole female soldier of the American Revolution. Were the Navy not so hide-bound in the matter of naming its fighting ships, it, too, could do worse than to name a cruiser or, at least, a destroyer for her; for Private Deborah was no bomb-proof rider of a desk and dictaphone, but a front-line fighting soldier, complete with musket, bayonet, powder and ball, and with a few extra flints in her pocket. What is more, the record shows that she performed her military duties "with more than ordinary alertness, gallantry, and fortitude," and "though mingling constantly with men she preserved her purity unsullied."

It should perhaps be pointed out at once that calling Private Deborah the sole authentic female soldier of the war is well advised. The much publicised Moll Pitcher, who for a century and a half has had an excellent press, and the lesser known Margaret Corbin, both smelled the smoke of battle, but they were not soldiers. Deborah

enlisted, was actually mustered in after no little trouble, and in her later years drew a regulation soldier's pension from the Federal government. Her descendants are alone in that they might, if they cared to, join the DAR solely on the strength of a female ancestor.

Deborah Sampson was a Massachusetts girl with illustrious forebears, among them being the doughty Captain Miles Standish, the hesitating but celebrated John Alden, as well as Abraham Sampson, William Bradford (the first American historian) and the charming Alice Southworth and Bathsheba La Broche. She was born at Plympton, not far from Plymouth. She had some early schooling, but her parents were poor, and when she was still in her teens she became a hired girl for a family at Middleboro, also in the Bay State. It was here, in 1782 when she was approximately twenty-two years old, that Deborah got the idea of enlisting in the Army.

To have an idea, for Deborah, was apparently tantamount to action. The notion of becoming a soldier no sooner struck her than she cut her hair, "borrowed" a suit of clothes be-

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longing to one Sam Leonard, and under the name of Timothy Thayer enlisted with the Continental recruiting officer at Middleboro. She was paid the enlistment bounty, probably of "one hundred paper dollars," which, because it was Continental money, did not amount to very much in actual cash. It was enough, however, to get Deborah-Timothy into trouble, for closely afterward she was seen at a tavern, "two miles East of Middleboro Four Corners" where she called for and presumably drank "spirituos liquors," and thereupon "behaved in a noisy and indecent manner." She was recognized by some foul person, and the remaining bounty money was taken away from her. She returned to her household duties in disgrace. As for Sam Leonard, he was so shocked, says an old account, "at the idea of his clothes having been used by a woman that he never wore them after."

Middleboro itself was shocked, and the First Baptist Church of that village, of which Deborah was a member, held a meeting and "withdrew fellowship," which meant excommunication. But one doubts that the determined Miss Sampson cared very much. By the time the Baptists got around to their churlish act, Deborah had secretly spun and woven some fine Massachusetts wool into cloth which she took to a local tailor and told him to make into a suit of clothes for a man, whom she described as a male relative of about her own build. When she got the two-piece job, she

disappeared from Middleboro, and long before the local Baptists had got around to unChristianizing her, she was away on one of the greatest adventures a woman ever had.

II

One dark night in May — it was still 1782 — young Deborah got into her own coat and trousers. When the house had settled down to sleep, she tiptoed down from the shed chamber, out into the road, and made her way on foot to Worcester, a distance of more than seventy miles. She went directly to the recruiting office, and a day later was Private Robert Shurtleff in Captain George Webb's company of the 4th Massachusetts Regiment of Foot, commanded at that time by Colonel Shepard, later by Colonel Jackson. Quite likely she was put into a drill squad to learn the school of the soldier and the manual of arms. But there could have been little fuss about training. Early in June the 4th Massachusetts left Worcester on the long march to West Point, on the Hudson. A week later the regiment was crossing the Housatonic at New Milford, Connecticut, and presently was arrived at West Point, with Private Robert Shurtleff, or Deborah, holding her own on the long and dusty march.

One wonders what Captain Webb would have thought of a woman, a young woman, in his company. And what of Captain Webb's men? It is a subject that soldiers of all times have

discussed, this possibility of a female-soldier among them, a topic that has taken up endless hours of barracks-room conversation. But there seems to have been absolutely no suspicion of Private Deborah by her fellow soldiers, then or later, until an improbable incident, wholly beyond the girl's control, brought about the denouement.

What was she like, this authentic Amazon, this Yankee girl who fought and lived with soldiers? Contemporaries agree that she was tall, muscular, had good eyes, and "a not unpleasant voice" (whatever this may mean). In movement she was "erect, quick, and strong." One who knew her said that "her countenance and voice were feminine." Another thought she was "masculine-like." Whatever the case, she appears to have given serious thought to her general outline, her profile, for she bound a bandage tightly around her breast; and, wrote one who knew her, "it is not improbable that the severe pressure of this bandage served to compress the bosom, while the waist had every natural convenience for augmentation." This is quite possible, for most women have found that the waist is given to "augmentation" even if cared for. One can guess that when Private Deborah was encased in her bandages and the shapeless homespun clothes of the period, she had the shape, or lack of shape, of her indubitably male buddies.

Soon after arrival at West Point Deborah saw action in a sharp skir-

mish at Tappan Bay, during which "she suffered a slash from an enemy saber." This was close in-fighting. A bit later she was wounded in the side by a musket ball, in an engagement at East Chester. It felled her, but she got right up again and kept moving. She told an enquiring surgeon that the wound was merely a scratch, that she would be all right; and then she hid herself in the woods for several days, living alone and caring for her wounds. She feared "discovery of her true sex" more than she feared bleeding to death. Incidentally, the musket ball was never removed from her body.

Private Deborah was hardly recovered from her wound when she was sent with a small detachment to Fort Ticonderoga, and from there went to western New York to fight Indians. There is no record of any fighting on this expedition, but Deborah must have continued to conduct herself gallantly, for presently she was made an orderly on the staff of General Paterson, in Philadelphia. What was described as "malignant fever" was loose in that city and the hospitals were filled with stricken soldiers. The disease struck Deborah terribly hard, and she was presently moved into the hopeless ward of an army infirmary. As she lay on a pallet, unconscious and seeming hardly to breathe, Doctor Binney came through on his rounds. Seeing the motionless figure, he put his hand on the patient's chest to learn whether the heart was still beating. It was —

and good Doctor Binney's heart must itself have skipped a beat or two. For a moment he stood in amazement at the discovery he had made; then he went to tell the head nurse about it.

Private Deborah Sampson was immediately moved elsewhere and put in care of a female nurse. When General Paterson was told about the kind of orderly he had on his staff, he delivered himself of a stupendous understatement. "This is truly theatrical!" he said. But the general had a sense of humor. When Deborah had recovered from her illness, he had her come to West Point and there permitted her to don female garb and to "parade down the ranks in front of her erstwhile comrades in arms," the probably sheepish men of Captain Webb's company of the 4th Massachusetts Regiment of Foot, not one of whom recognized this girl as the late Private Robert Shurtleff.

Little imagination is required to guess the remarks and barracks-room discussion that followed — aye, that followed time without end whenever two or more veterans of Captain Webb's company were left to talk over old times and lost opportunities. All that has come down to us of these discussions is seemly, and is to the effect that Deborah was a rattling good soldier who never once acted otherwise than in a highly "military and courageous manner." Not once during her army days was "she found in liquor," which was something of a record among the Continental troops. It was also recalled that she never had

indulged in horseplay, and "never wrestled, nor suffered anyone to twine his arms around her shoulders."

There is no record of a Welcome Home celebration for Deborah, who was honorably discharged in November 1783. Middleboro missed a grand opportunity. But Middleboro couldn't hold her. She married Benjamin Gannett of Sharon, Massachusetts, moved to that town, and became the mother of three children — Earl, Mary, and Patience. In 1792 the Massachusetts legislature, taking cognizance of the Commonwealth's unique veteran, granted the sum of £34 to Mrs. Gannett. In 1805 the Federal pension office allowed her a pension of \$4 a month, increased to \$6.40 in 1816, and in 1818 to \$8, for life. In 1838 Congress by a special act granted the sum of \$466.66 to her heirs.

III

But the end of the war did not retire Deborah permanently to the fire-side. In 1802 she became what must have been the first woman lecturer in the United States, certainly the first female soldier to appear on the platform. Who put her up to this isn't of record, but she must have had some urging and it doubtless came from one Herman Mann, who took a great interest in this veteran of the war for independence. Somebody prepared the lecture for her. It was also printed as a pamphlet and sold at shops, and it contains some of the most flowery flights and resonant

periods of post-Revolutionary oratory.

Deborah's first lecture was delivered at the Federal Street Theater, Boston, in March 1802. Her talk was filled with noble abstractions about liberty and females and the rigors of war. "Wrought upon," she told her gaping audience, now looking on the only female soldier they were ever to see,

"wrought upon at length, as you might say, by an enthusiasm and a phrenzy that could brook no control, I burst the tyrant bonds, which *held my sex in awe*, and clandestinely, or by stealth, grasped an opportunity, which custom and the world seemed to deny, as a natural privilege and whilst poverty, hunger, nakedness, cold and disease had dwindled the *American Armies* to a handful — whilst universal terror and dismay ran through our camps, ran through our country — whilst even WASHINGTON himself, at their head, though like a god, stood, as it were, on a pinnacle tottering over the abyss of destruction, the last prelude to our falling a wretched prey to the yawning jaws of the monster aiming to devour — not merely for the sake of gratifying a facetious curiosity, did I throw off the habiliments of *my sex*, and assume those of the warrior, already prepared for battle."

The spelling, the italics, and the capitals are Deborah's, or, rather, her ghost-writer's. The above and more, much more of the same, brought her auditors up in their seats, but she kept the best part of her act for closing. In this bit she appeared — apparently in some sort of uniform — with a regulation Army musket and went through the manual of arms, "briskly and with perfection," said one who

saw her, "and she brought the musket butt smartly down to the floor with a thud." If there had been any other acts, this drill with the Old Betsy would have stopped the show.

From Boston Deborah went on to Worcester, then in succession to Providence, Holden, Brookfield, Springfield, Northampton, Albany, Schenectady, and Ballston Springs. Apparently she had to make all lecture and hall arrangements herself, for she kept a diary of the tour and in it commented on the way she was received in the various towns, and also, in good Yankee style, kept track of her expenses. At Albany, for instance, she had to pay \$2 "to Old Key Keeper," probably the janitor, and to Mr. Barber went \$3 for printing. She had to pay forty-eight cents for "sweeping court house," twenty cents for cleaning candle sticks, and a mere seventeen cents "for Brushing Seats." In the meantime her board and room cost \$6, which does seem to be rather high, and \$1.34 went for washing. Soldier or no, she was a woman still, and one item in her expenses at Albany was \$1, "for Dressing my Haire."

Deborah's lecture, which appears to have had a wide sale in pamphlet form, was probably the work of the aforesaid Herman Mann, of Sharon, who also wrote and published a dubious biography of the lady. This book was subjected to no little higher-criticism by persons who knew Deborah, and was revised by Mr. Mann's son, with countless "corrections and deletions." Although anti-

quarians accept the newer manuscript, with minor reservations, and consider it carefully done, it has never been published.

If Deborah ever went on a second lecture tour there is no record of it. She seems to have settled comfortably into life at Sharon and to have become in time a local matriarch, unique in that she was a blown-in-the-bottle veteran of the Revolution. She died April 29, 1827, aged about sixty-seven, and was buried in nearby

Rockridge cemetery. A street in Sharon has been named for her.

I can't learn whether the First Baptist Church of Middleboro ever extended fellowship to Deborah, after their ill-considered action in 1782. I hope she remained in a state of excommunication. And there is no record to indicate that either Plympton, where she was born, or Middleboro, where she was so shabbily treated, ever produced another so distinguished citizen as Private Deborah Sampson.



CORN STILL GROWS

BY INEZ CLARK THORSON

HE used to say when he was very small
And rode with me, warm days, upon the plow,
At planting-time, "I want to be as tall
When I'm a man . . . as tall as corn. . . ." Somehow
It seems but yesterday. As time went on
He sprang up like the corn, clean-cut and straight,
And he was tall. . . . Then war . . . and he was gone.
And now I know I need not watch and wait
For he will never come to be a part
Of Spring, and there is nothing to be said
Save that the corn still grows and while the heart
Knows utter hunger, people must be fed.

THE NOT-SO-MORONIC KING OF ITALY

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

AMERICANS who have giggled at the sight of Victor Emmanuel III in the newsreels may be inclined to brush off the little king into the scrapheap of history, there to join his deleted Strong Man, Benito Mussolini. But the Allied military governors in Italy and native democratic forces realize that Victor Emmanuel is still a political force of some magnitude, and that in the end — in the eternal way of politics — they may have to make a deal with him.

From a distance it seems amazing and absurd that the King of Italy should hope to ride out the unutterable collapse and ignominy his reign has visited upon his people. It was popularly expected he would admit that the royal jig was up; that he might try to salvage a shred of dignity by renouncing his dilapidated pretensions, and bundle his family off to some secluded hole wherein to dictate his memoirs, or count his plentiful change; or that he might even request safe conduct for himself and brood to a more healthful clime than a country whose people he had led to such a pass — a people who in frenzied

grief and galling rage might conceivably be threshing about for a villain and a victim.

Nothing of the kind happened. Instead, the world watched Victor Emmanuel dig his feeble but determined shanks into the rungs of his throne until Allied guns had drawn a bead on Rome itself; then saw him adroitly anticipate the inevitable by announcing that he would step down (but not out) the moment the Allied armies entered Rome; saw him and son Umberto receiving carefully staged but nevertheless impressive public demonstrations in Naples and elsewhere just when the demands of anti-Fascists for his abdication began mounting, and saw him counter the rejection of a regency for Umberto's baby son, the Prince of Naples, by springing an offer of Umberto for the post of "Lieutenant of the Realm," that is, as stooge for a Victor Emmanuel who would still be King, even in apparent retirement. The world was the more astonished at these intricate maneuvers and bluffs because it figured the little King was holding nothing better than a pair of treys in a deuces-wild

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game. But the old boy was playing masterly poker with what he had and what he knew, and what he knew included the awareness that plenty of history's juiciest stakes have been won with paltry strength.

Of course, arrayed in his low comedy habiliments of royalty, staggering and weaving under a five-gallon shako while trying to keep his sword from cutting off his feet, our little hundred pounder was admittedly a flop photographically. But he has always proved himself a princely dynast of Machiavellian proportions when men and events threatened to take anything away from him. Out of the chaos of Italy today and tomorrow we may very well see the seventy-four-year-old Dwarf of Savoy emerge as pretty close to top man in fact, if not in name.

After all, despite the yelps about the four freedoms and a universal new deal, the United Nations have played ball right along with such specimens as Darlan and Franco and Badoglio. And none of these had the popular following, the prestige, or the political acumen of Victor Emmanuel of Italy. Queen Victoria of England once called him "the most intelligent prince in Europe." With intelligence and luck the people of Italy may get rid of him and his, but they will need plenty of both.

Until recent events in his country and "empire" the popular case against Victor Emmanuel III had not gone very far beyond a lampooning of his physical characteristics, and a general

distaste for the entire anachronism of royalty. Victor Emmanuel, of course, had no more to do with his height or lineaments than you or I, who are also victims of our ancestry. One might say that he evinced less than intelligence in choosing a press agent who persistently had him photographed in those hilariously inappropriate costumes; especially in company with his six-foot Queen, who in juxtaposition made him look somewhat funnier than the Jeff of Mutt and Jeff. It might almost seem that this camera comedy had been part of a mischievous scheme of *Il Duce's* to bring ridicule on the little fellow, and in the end, strip him of his crown.

The heir of Savoy must face the bar of history on his record and that alone: a record of betrayal of all that was worthy and decent and progressive in the land of Italy. He had his choice, many times, to be truly kingly and a man, and he sold his chance and his forty million subjects down a river that has led to the grave for so many and to defeat and despair for them all. And their blood and their agony are rightfully on his head, because he was never simply a helpless puppet in the hands of Mussolini.

Throughout the 'twenties he had many opportunities to end the tragic farce of Fascism. But he played along because the new régime paid him a million dollars a year and because it kept the common people where he wanted them — in their subdued and obedient place.

II

Despite his long reign of forty-four years, Victor Emmanuel never achieved the popularity of the English and Scandinavian monarchs, but his subjects forgave his reactionary political tendencies in consideration of his virtues as an individual. The period preceding the First World War was one of peace and general well-being in Europe, and under the premiership of Giolitti the Italian Government was awakening to the needs of the common people. Italians viewed their sovereign as a private citizen of great wealth, who still exemplified their own ideals of plain living. He was pious like themselves; he disliked pomp and display; he was a good father and a model husband; and he was known to share their love of the soil by busying himself regularly with a spade in his gardens.

For similar reasons, even the more sophisticated metropolitan citizenry were inclined to regard him as a well-meaning person who happened to be king by the accident of hereditary succession, and who should be respected as the historical symbol of Italian unity. Although Victor Emmanuel was rather shy and seclusive for the rôle of citizen-king, nevertheless whenever his southern dominions were devastated by earthquakes, he soon appeared on the scene with words of comfort for the injured and bereaved; and during the First World War he risked his safety by improvising a villa for himself near the Front, and

bolstering the morale of his troops by his frequent visits in the garb of a plain soldier, thereby earning the cognomen of *Il Fante* (The Infantryman).

But the politically articulate did not fail to distinguish between private saint and public liability. They cited the fact that the sympathetic little King was also the wrong-headed imperialist who broke the peace of Europe in 1912 by declaring war on Turkey, thereby bringing more casualties to his people than any earthquake, and no benefits except a few islands and some strips of African territory that Mussolini later called "a collection of deserts."

The suspicion grew that there was something phony in the royal "democrat" when he annulled every constitutional guarantee of personal dignity. The suspicion was a certainty by 1936, when his legions were slaughtering defenseless Ethiopians no less home-loving than he.

It may be said in partial extenuation that Victor Emmanuel was simply following the political pattern set for him by a dynasty which held to its feudal conception of the world as a place in which kings and nobles struggled for territory. Before its acquisition of Piedmont in 1418, the House of Savoy had been an obscure line of French-speaking dukes whose domains were no larger than an average American county. The kingly rank was not theirs until 1720, when it was acquired by deed with the island of Sardinia.

Then came *Il Risorgimento*, the great Italian popular struggle for freedom and unification, during which the various petty tyrants that had infested different sections of the peninsula, were scampering to escape the revolutionary wrath of a long-suffering population. In response to the pressure of his Piedmontese subjects, Carlo Alberto of Savoy in 1848 reluctantly granted a constitution, providing for a chamber of deputies elected by limited suffrage and a bill of rights.

The unification of the peninsula was inseparable from the struggle for political freedom; and when the House of Savoy offered to adopt the republican tricolor, its constitution became the rallying point whereby one Italian state after another overthrew its despot and voted for annexation to Piedmont. In some instances, such as Lombardy, Venice and the Papal States, the process of unification was accelerated by the small Piedmontese army, bolstered by military aid from Napoleon III, and the diplomatic chicaneries of Cavour, the able prime minister of Victor Emmanuel's grandfather. But the guiding spirit of the *Risorgimento* was Giuseppe Mazzini, whose love of kingcraft equalled that of Voltaire and Thomas Paine. The military genius of the movement was Garibaldi, a redshirt republican. The blood which was the price of its success was not the blue fluid of kings or nobles but the ordinary article from the veins of common people. It is obvious that, with the Pied-

montese constitution as bait, and through the simple device of riding a popular cause, an obscure family of medieval dukes, strangers to the aspirations of the Italian people, managed to balloon themselves into kings of Italy.

Victor Emmanuel II, the first monarch of united Italy, was only a receiver of the rich territories delivered to him by revolutionaries. The soubriquet of *Il Re Galantuomo* (The Gentleman King) was given him for the passive virtue of having kept his promise to Garibaldi that the constitutional benefits would never be withdrawn from any section of the peninsula. His son, Humbert I, *Il Buono* (The Good), of the luxuriant handlebar mustache, distinguished himself by ordering his regular troops to shoot down groups of Italian citizens who were rioting for bread and agrarian reform in 1898. His assassination by a deranged subject two years later brought the present Victor Emmanuel to the throne.

The common failing of the father, the son and the grandson was a feudal unconcern for the needs of their people and a passion for dynastic aggrandizement. Economists repeatedly pointed out that a nation without coal, iron or oil was likely to cut a sorry figure as a world power. But the quondam dukes of Savoy, lately turned kings, were aiming for an empire long before Mussolini's day. The result was an impressive navy built with imported materials and an imposing standing army, both supported by fancy taxes

upon a population already reduced to illiteracy and quasi-starvation by absentee landlordism and by a rapacious group of industrial barons. During each reign, hundreds of thousands of Italians migrated to the United States and South America.

III

The so-called "March on Rome", in October, 1922, was no indomitable force to which the King had to yield. In the national elections of the year before, the Fascist party had won only thirty-two seats in the Chamber of Deputies out of a total of 502. The "army" that proposed to take over the Government in the name of Fascism and *Il Duce* was a disorderly crowd of no more than 8,000 persons fantastically armed with revolvers, sporting knives, cudgels, machine guns and hoes. Badoglio had informed Victor Emmanuel that he could rout this handful of rebels with "a regiment of troops." That his majesty's cabinet was of similar opinion is shown by the fact that it issued an order which required only the King's signature to place the country under martial law.

To be sure, there had been industrial disorders in 1919 during which some labor unions, said to have been inspired by Communists, temporarily took possession of factories. But the conflict had abated upon the granting of increases in pay. In June 1921 Mussolini had truthfully written in *Il Popolo D'Italia* that "the Italy of

1921 is fundamentally different from that of 1918 . . . Bolshevism is conquered. More than that, it has been disowned by the leaders and the people." Hence His Majesty had no reason to believe that a law-breaking minority dressed in black shirts had come to deliver his realm from any actual threat from another minority waving a red flag.

The real issue was whether the Italian people were entitled to the minimal social and economic reforms that had been commonplaces for nearly a century in other democratic nations. These reforms the House of Savoy had consistently sidetracked and now it decided to suppress them in feudal fashion. Indeed, the most active and numerous political party in Italy at the time were the "Popolari," whose leader was Don Luigi Sturzo, a Catholic priest and a sincere parliamentarian, now living in Brooklyn. Their program was international peace, agrarian and industrial reform, proportional representation, internal law and order, and collaboration with liberal and progressive groups. It was a conflict, as Don Sturzo himself says, "between the old oligarchic currents and the new wave of democratic life."

If Victor Emmanuel had entered into the Fascist partnership with any real misgivings, he could easily have amended his error two years later, when Fascism was still without popular support. Its press claimed no more than 500,000 readers, while the circulation of the liberal newspapers was about 4,000,000. It had become evi-

dent that Fascism was a party without a program; and that Ku Klux tactics were its only remedies for the problems of government. Well documented proof was delivered to the King, showing that Giacomo Matteotti, the great popular leader who had courageously opposed Mussolini in the Chamber of Deputies, had been murdered by blackshirts at the instigation of *Il Duce* himself. Popular indignation was such that one word from the King would have ended the Fascist régime. But his majesty was silent.

Those who would like to excuse Victor Emmanuel on the ground that he had become a male Trilby for a square-jawed and blustering Svengali should be reminded of one occasion when his majesty proved himself capable of independent action. In 1926, through the misdelivery of secret letters, he learned that certain Fascists, including Generals de Bono and Italo Balbo, were conspiring to transfer the crown to the *Duce*. Victor Emmanuel's *riposte* was a concentration of troops under Badoglio at the Quirinal and the Villa Savoia, which immediately discouraged the projected revolution.

The plain truth of the blackshirt era, as Giovanni Conti says, is that a feudal family who had limped uncomfortably for a while in democratic slippers decided "to dig up a pair of ancient iron-heeled boots from its dynastic museum." In the Dark Age brought about by the King's decision, every so-called law including the abolition of jury trial, habeas corpus,

freedom of speech and press, and other constitutional rights, bore the signature of Vittorio Emanuele III, "by the Grace of God and the Will of the Nation, King of Italy"; the same little man who had avowed at his coronation his "most serene trust in our liberal institutions." In plain truth, there was no sadistic proposal conceived by that coterie of bullies which his majesty considered too brutal a violence upon his subjects.

The world saw our erstwhile foe of Prussianism reviewing a goose-stepping Italian army; conferring the Order of *L'Annunziata* on "Cousin" Hermann Goering, and affirming a military pact between two nations bound "through the inner relationships of their philosophies." During the farce of Spanish non-intervention, his navy sank ships belonging to friendly powers; when King Zog and Queen Geraldine of Albania escaped from their country with their two-day-old child, the invading armies of their personal friend, Victor Emmanuel, were in close pursuit. When the game was at last up he shed his black shirt for a white one, and fled from the Eternal City in an automobile "with no clothes except those I am wearing," but in Naples he had the effrontery to acclaim himself as the champion of "a free people among free nations," and to declare his "decision" to continue to rule, through his son, a people who had refused to fight for either of them.

According to the school book version the marriage of the dwarfish Victor

Emmanuel to the Junoesque daughter of the King of Montenegro was a genuine love match. But the notion has lingered that the event was promoted by the Savoy family for the purpose of renewing its vigor through the infusion of healthy hormones. This experiment in eugenics was exactly half-successful, because the resulting heir-apparent, Prince Humbert of Piedmont, grew up into a handsome six footer, with such a disappointing mentality that his countrymen refer to him as *Il Cretino Nazionale* (The National Fool). His principal accomplishments were a succession of extra-marital adventures as a lady-killer and the usual capers of a playboy Prince of Graustark.

For a time, the Italian populace was ready to forget his sophomoric shenanigans for the sake of his growing reputation as an anti-Fascist. It was whispered that he treated *Il Duce* with princely condescension, and had actually challenged him to a duel. Such gossip must have had solid foundation, for Benito did rewrite a section of the Italian constitution so pointedly that the Italian crown ceased to be a hereditary headpiece. Whereupon the Prince forthwith donned a black shirt, adopted the Fascist salute, and proceeded to grovel and scrape so low that his countrymen wondered how so tall a prince could accomplish the athletic feat of licking the Fascist boot even more neatly than his pygmy sire.

"From 1932 on," says Lisa Sergio, who knows recent Italian history thor-

oughly from close observation, "the telegraph wires of Italy carried a long string of messages of devotion and servitude from Humbert to Benito." Humbert's wife, the former Princess Marie José of Belgium, vied with her mother-in-law for the honor of being the first woman to contribute her wedding ring toward the financing of the Ethiopian campaign. In 1940 she "proudly" announced her membership in the women's auxiliary of the Fascist party.

When the royal colt had done with his balking the *Duce* appointed him inspector general of the Italian infantry, an honor which the Prince acknowledged with the assurance that "the Italian grenadiers are ever ready to obey your orders in peacetime and in a glorious war for the imperial greatness of the Fascist fatherland." And when the time came for the consummate dirty work of invading helpless France, "Cousin" Humbert was elevated to the rank of marshal of Italy and chosen to carry out that military operation.

IV

Hope that the days of the Savoy Dynasty are numbered depends largely on the anti-monarchical attitude of the six political parties recently re-organized in southern Italy, and by the unanimous condemnation of him by every Italian intellectual. Luigi Sturzo, leader of the Christian Democratic party, wants a republic. Arturo Toscanini calls Victor Emmanuel

"faint hearted and degenerate." In the opinion of the historian, Gaetano Salvemini, the King has earned the "hatred and contempt" of his people, and has become "the symbol of cowardice and treachery." The philosopher, Benedetto Croce, who is no radical, cannot even tolerate a regency for the baby Prince of Naples, and hints that Victor Emmanuel's surrender to the Allies may not save him from being placed on trial by the Italian people. The educator, Dr. G. A. Borgese, thinks a choice of monarchy by the Italians "would prove that they are not yet mature for rehabilitation in a decent world." Count Carlo Sforza, a liberal nobleman who does not reject the idea of monarchy, declares that "we are giving the world an impression of false-

hood" in permitting an erstwhile royal southpaw of the Axis to represent the Italian nation.

"We must strike at the supreme criminals, otherwise the world will judge us as an indifferent, cynical and vile people," he says.

The twenty-year nightmare of the Fascist régime was the logical long-term consequence of the historical compromise of 1861, whereby, for the sake of national unity, the people's cause was entrusted to a feudal family that had only lately disclaimed its medieval traditions of tyranny and divine right. It would appear that only through the summary expulsion of all their oppressors, large and small, and a resumption of the trail blazed by Garibaldi and Mazzini, can the Italian people regain their self-respect.



Definition

A portion of mankind may be said to constitute a nationality if they are united among themselves by common sympathies which do not exist between them and any others — which makes them cooperate with each other more willingly than with other people, desire to be under the same government, and desire that it should be government by themselves or a portion of themselves exclusively.

— J. S. MILL

REQUIESCO ON RIVERSIDE

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

WHEN convoys blow, and I can't sleep,
I count a different kind of sheep,
Reviewing those who lay awake
For imagination's sake,
For some maggot in the brain,
Love, despair, or hope humane.
Shakespeare, Swift, and Keats and Blake
Lone and vigilant have lain;
Hazlitt, Melville, Lamb, Thoreau,
Henry James, Boccaccio,
Tortured in the shameless hours
Doubtful of their godlike powers
Made a light, to help ignore
Moonlight squared upon the floor;
Or, in solitude still deeper,
Shirked the heat of some near sleeper.
Bunyan, Dr. Johnson, Walt,
Misogynist or nympholept,
What'er the pain, whate'er the fault,
Up their shins the languor crept
And, eventually, they slept.

Now am I these brothers' keeper;
Sisters too: divesting slow,
The pink, the tawny, and the pale
Prim the linen, palm the covers
(Farewell dishpan! farewell lovers!)
Dorothy Wordsworth, Hester Thrale
Virginia Woolf, Virginia Poe;
Horse-faced Evans, dark and sallow
With her hair spread on the pillow,
Emily Dickinson, Emily Brontë
(*Noctis equi, currite lente!*) —
Girls that every poet knows:

Herrick's Julia, Landor's Rose,
Louis Stevenson's firebrand Fanny,
Tom De Quincey's Opium Annie,
Sidney's Stella, Burns's Mary —
Prioress, voluptuary.

Girls of learning, men of science
Tread my causeway of the giants,
Visualized, revered, and numbered
In their image as they slumbered:
Dormouse curl or downward sprawl
Nothingness is on them all.
Tired of love or tired of drinking,
Tired of fighting, tired of swinking,
The accursed or the blest
Momentarily at rest.
Chaucer, alderleefest Geoff,
Full eight hours is blind and deaf
To mimicry; old wiseabed
He sleeps more peaceful than the dead.

Mine own sweethearts! Noble crew,
They sleep well.

And I shall too.



THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Biochemistry

ASPIRIN CAN BE DEADLY

BY PHIL DROTNING

ASPIRIN in large doses can be deadly. The drug which Americans swallow in great quantities as a cure for everything from the common cold to alcoholic "hangover" is known to produce chemical reactions which slow blood coagulation and cause hemorrhage. Some doctors have long known that the indiscriminate use of aspirin is unwise, but it took an agricultural chemist to show precisely how it could be dangerous.

Dr. Karl Paul Link, of the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station, made the discovery after nearly ten years of research begun to explain a strange bleeding malady which was bringing death to cattle. In 1939 one of Link's assistants, H. A. Campbell, isolated a white, crystalline substance present in badly-cured sweet clover hay — now made artificially under the trade-mark Dicumarol — which proved to be the anti-coagulating agent that caused hemorrhage in cattle. Researchers at the Mayo Clinic, in Rochester, Minnesota, wondered whether the

new drug might not be used to prevent the dangerous blood clots which sometimes form after human surgery. Experiments proved the drug effective for this vital purpose.

Working under Link's direction, Dr. Charles F. Huebner found that one of the principal components of Dicumarol was salicylic acid — the active ingredient in aspirin. Link suspected that the presence of salicylic acid in both aspirin and Dicumarol could mean that aspirin also slowed blood clotting. His first experiment was practical, although completely unscientific. A maid in his home was subject to frequent nosebleeds. He questioned her and found that she was troubled with recurring headaches, and took huge doses of aspirin to alleviate the pain. Link suggested that she eliminate the aspirin. The nosebleeds ceased.

This observation was no proof, of course, but it gave added stimulus to Link's speculation regarding the effects of aspirin. Four of his assistants, Ralph Overman, William Sullivan, Lester Scheel and John B. Field, began experimenting with rats, to de-

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termine if salicylic acid alone would prolong clotting time. When aspirin was given to rats daily in sufficiently large doses, it first prolonged the clotting time of the blood, and then the rats died of hemorrhage.

Link turned the results of his animal investigations over to other scientists, who undertook clinical research to determine whether aspirin has the same effect on human beings. His animal research already had been checked by Dr. K. K. Chen and Charles L. Rose of Lilly Research Laboratories, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Dr. Shepard Shapiro, of New York University Medical School, assisted by Milton H. Redish and H. A. Campbell, checked the blood clotting time of patients and personnel at New York Welfare Hospital, Division III, and found that when large quantities of aspirin were given, blood clotting time was lengthened. Dr. Ovid O. Meyer and Beryl Howard, of the University of Wisconsin Medical School, experimented on thirty-one people at the Wisconsin General Hospital, most of them staff members, and also reported that aspirin lengthens clotting time in humans, sometimes on administration of as little as twenty grains, or four ordinary tablets.

How much aspirin can be taken before it becomes harmful? According to Dr. Link and other researchers, taking six to eight tablets of aspirin during one day will lengthen the clotting time of a normal, healthy adult. In such cases clotting time may be delayed for only two seconds or so,

which is not dangerous. But if a person who is not in perfect health repeats the dose daily over a period of even a week, clotting time could be dangerously prolonged.

II

Aspirin, chemically acetyl-salicylic acid, is a sort of Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde offspring of a long line of distinguished and beneficial drugs known as salicylates. They have been prescribed by doctors for over a hundred years, particularly in the treatment of painful diseases like rheumatic fever, for which they are regarded as the sovereign remedy. *The annual American consumption of aspirin averages around 7,000,000 pounds.*

The salicylates are mild antiseptics; they reduce temperature; and they are anti-rheumatics. While aspirin eases headaches and deadens pain, it also slows down one of the body's most essential processes — the action of the liver in producing prothrombin, the substance which helps make blood clot. Human beings cannot live without prothrombin. Without it they would bleed to death from a razor scratch or a finger prick. Production of this essential substance is stimulated by Vitamin K.

Green vegetables like spinach, cabbage, and lettuce, and bacterial action in the intestine, ordinarily provide enough Vitamin K to keep the clotting time of the blood normal. But when aspirin is taken it breaks down into salicylic acid, some of which re-

tards intestinal bacteria, cutting Vitamin K production, and part of which goes to the liver. If too much is consumed, production of prothrombin by the liver may be halted.

When aspirin is taken in recommended doses for one day only, the liver can make enough prothrombin so that the blood will clot normally the following day. But if too many aspirin tablets are taken for several successive days, enough prothrombin cannot be produced and clotting time lengthens.

Link and the other researchers found that the anti-clotting effects of aspirin can be controlled by including Vitamin K in the diet when heavy doses of the drug are administered. The vitamin brings prothrombin production back to normal. This same Vitamin K is prescribed by doctors for expectant mothers, to insure blood clotting in both mother and child at the time of delivery, and by the Army for soldiers who are about to go into battle, to hasten blood clotting if they should be wounded far from medical aid.

Although the idea that salicylates can cause death through hemorrhage is not a new one, Link's research may be the key to an unknown number of deaths from bleeding which medical science previously had been unable to explain. More than fifty years ago a German pharmacologist, Binz, pointed out that when salicylic acid was given to certain individuals suffering from rheumatic fever it caused dangerous hemorrhage from the mu-

cous membrane. In 1926, two American scientists, M. C. Wetzel and J. D. Nourse, reviewed all the cases of oil of wintergreen (methyl salicylate) poisoning previously reported and found that in addition to changes in the blood vessels, the most common lesion was hemorrhage. Four years later a Hungarian clinician, Balazs, found hemorrhagic lesions in the stomach and intestinal tracts of "aspirin suicides."

The *Journal of the American Medical Association* in 1940 quoted the *Lancet*, leading British medical journal, regarding the surprising number of deaths reported in England due to the use of aspirin. The *Lancet* reported that aspirin was known to have caused forty-three suicides, eight accidental deaths, and fourteen doubtful deaths in England and Wales in 1938.

"The *Lancet* considers it 'curious' that a drug which caused sixty-five deaths in one year is not classified as a poison," the *Journal* said.

Dr. Link's findings later were reported in the *Lancet*, and the editors recommended use of his method of estimating prothrombin in the blood in cases of suspected salicylate hemorrhage. When massive doses of aspirin must be given, the *Lancet* suggests administration of Vitamin K, and in the treatment of salicylate hemorrhage, transfusion of fresh blood. Link has used this routine on rats, to restore prothrombin production, with complete success. He says he administers the Vitamin K by injection, rather than giving it orally, "to avoid in-

sult to an already injured stomach."

Link himself never uses aspirin. "My money," he asserts, "is on an older and more firmly established remedy — good Bourbon." Yet for four months during the course of the experimentation, to satisfy his personal curiosity as to the effect of aspirin on human blood, he acted as his own guinea pig. He took aspirin tablets week after week, and tests of his blood made by a laboratory assistant revealed that only four to six five-grain tablets were necessary to make his blood clot more slowly.

He raised the dose to eight, to ten, and then to twelve tablets, dispersed in a glass of milk and taken within fifteen minutes of each other. "Ten hours after I had taken twelve tablets the assistant who tested my blood thought I was going to hemorrhage,

clotting took so long," Dr. Link says.

Then came the day when he took a dozen tablets and no change in clotting time was detected. He had taken two milligrams of Vitamin K, an infinitesimal amount, along with the aspirin. This small amount of Vitamin K — one two-thousandth the amount of the aspirin — was enough to nullify the drug's action on clotting time.

In a recent editorial the *Journal of the American Medical Association* commented on Link's work and said that present evidence "indicates that aspirin and the salicylates are among the least toxic of active pharmacopeial preparations"; nevertheless, "this status . . . should not be interpreted as an excuse for failure to recognize hazards connected with their abuse."

It is obvious from Link's work that aspirin should be used with discretion.

Politics

THE BUS-BOY STATESMAN

BY FRED HARMS

WHEN Nebraska Democrats woke up to their morning papers the day after their April primary elections, they were startled by a picture of a man in overalls standing before a geometric design chalked on a blackboard. He was George W. Olsen, an absolute political unknown, who had piled up 344 votes more than his

party-sponsored opponent to become the Democratic nominee for Governor.

For George Olsen, who has never made a campaign speech nor buttonholed a voter, his victory in the primaries was the happy climax of thirty-four unsuccessful years of seeking public office. For the Democratic regulars of the state, Olsen's nomination meant a red face. They had underestimated the appeal of his Scandinavian name to Nebraska voters

FRED HARMS, formerly news editor of the Nebraska State Journal in Lincoln, is the pilot of a B-26 named The Lady Linda. The lady is his young daughter.

and failed to put up a spirited campaign for the candidate they had drafted, Patrick Heaton, able young lawyer and county attorney at Sidney.

Nebraska has since been getting better acquainted with George Walter Olsen. A sometime farmer, trucker and odd jobs man, Olsen at sixty-two is employed as bus-boy in the cafeteria of the Martin bomber plant near Omaha. His only other claim to distinction is a private "formula" he evolved ten years ago for "squaring the circle."

Whenever the newspapers need a bit of color to brighten their front pages, they just get Olsen on the wire, prod him with questions, and the whole state guffaws the next day at the homespun answers of the bus-boy statesman. When the smart boys asked Olsen what his platform was now that he had been nominated, he answered immediately: "My platform is: 1. Keep Nebraska in the Union; 2. Get public opinion back to where it was before Pearl Harbor; 3. Buy more war bonds."

When the laughter had subsided, the Democratic state central committee decided the time had come to save face and approached Nominee Olsen much like a wary parent, lollipop in hand, tracking down a problem child. Mr. Olsen was proud of his job in a war factory, they pointed out. Wouldn't it be nice if he would just withdraw from the gubernatorial race and concentrate on buying those war bonds? But the party regulars had again underestimated their man.

"Your name isn't Olsen," he told them. "If you want somebody to resign, why, just go ahead and resign yourselves."

The Democratic voters of Nebraska liked that. Hundreds of them wrote to Olsen asking him not to resign. "We wanted you for our candidate," wrote one supporter. "A withdrawal now would be a breach of faith. Don't yield to a selfish few and break up the Democratic party in Nebraska."

Others took up the cudgels for Olsen in the letter columns of the state newspapers, condemning the suggestion for withdrawal as undemocratic. Charles W. Bryan, former Governor and titular head of the party in Nebraska, was moved to observe publicly that "no one has any authority or political right to question a man's right to be on the ballot after he has been nominated by the public at a primary." Pat Heaton, Olsen's opponent, disavowed any connection with the proposal.

Apparently unable to decide whether to help Olsen at the polls next November, the party regulars have at least agreed to tread softly in his direction. As one newspaper put it, in an editorial:

The Democrats will be wise to stop this quasi-ridicule of their candidate. Ridicule sometimes acts as a boomerang. After all, you cannot quarrel with Olsen's plank of buying more war bonds; you can even sympathize with his desire to "keep Nebraska in the Union," the way this state is going isolationist these days; above all, you can't condemn a man for wearing galluses and blue-denim breeches.

Olsen is a small but sturdy fellow and likable as they come. In Plattsmouth, Nebraska, where he shares a room with another bomber plant worker, almost everyone on the street calls him "Oley" or "Governor" even though they usually vote against him two to one.

He first went out for office seriously in 1912, seeking the job of road commissioner after a daughter had been killed when his buggy upset on a washed-out road. Every election year since then he has run for something, most often governor or United States senator. He was elected once as town constable of Plattsmouth, but never bothered to qualify. A widower now, he has four grown children.

In addition to running for office Olsen makes it a point to keep the President informed of all matters pertaining to Nebraska and offers his advice whenever the President appears to be getting into trouble in national or world affairs. He has been writing President Roosevelt every two weeks since the beginning of the New Deal and has letters from presidential secretaries and early members of the brain trust — including Donald Richberg and the late Marvin McIntyre — to prove it.

The Supreme Court case which invalidated NRA was one of the first national issues to attract his attention. "The NRA would be here today if the President had followed my advice," Olsen declares. "I wrote the President he could win that case if he would just prove that chicken was hatched and

raised here in Nebraska and brought state's rights into the proceedings."

More recently he wrote the President about the Boxer Rebellion and our failure to back up the "Open Door" policy in China. "The fellows here in Plattsmouth just laughed and said the President wouldn't even get that letter. But I told them just to sit tight a couple of weeks. Sure enough, it wasn't long after that till the President started clearing out the Burma road."

Although Olsen will talk eagerly on any subject under the sun, he is most grateful if interviewers profess an interest in his formula for squaring the circle. He evolved his theory with the aid of a ten cent compass and a ruler when he was "laid up" with a broken leg back in 1933. He still uses the same compass. Olsen says the idea just "struck all at once." For a decade he has promoted it with unrelenting vigor against the counter-claims of error from a dozen college mathematics departments, mathematics societies and periodicals.

He kept after the Bureau of Standards to adopt his formula until the Bureau pleaded too much business and said it couldn't answer any more letters. An appeal sent to President Roosevelt received a courteous but noncommittal reply.

The problem of squaring the circle — known as the rectification or quadrature of the circle as a Euclidean construction — has engaged attention for 2000 years, but since Lindemann

of Königsberg definitely proved its impossibility in 1882, it no longer attracts serious study from mathematicians. But that doesn't stop Olsen. He has announced a \$100 reward to anyone who can *really* prove him wrong, and quite understandably the publicity which followed his nomination has increased his "Square the Circle" mail several thousand per cent.

Olsen's was strictly a one-man campaign for office when he started it, and he intends to finish the same way. He is a man of no visible political ambitions. He just likes to run for office, and after thirty-four years it has be-

come more or less habit with him. Without exception he has given his new, fair-weather friends the brushoff and has never answered a letter from his volunteer campaign strategists.

"The Lord has got a lot to do with these things," Olsen says in explanation. "Not that I go to church overmuch, but they don't just happen. If the Lord wants me to win, I'll win."

Meanwhile he intends to go right on slinging dishes for the Martin cafeteria and buying that \$25 war bond every other week. And if there is anybody left who can't see just how he squares that circle, well, he'll be glad to show them — after hours.



Money

Even the blind can see money.

— CHINESE PROVERB

If you have no money, be polite.

— DANISH PROVERB

A man without money is like a wolf without teeth.

— FRENCH PROVERB

When money speaks the truth is silent.

— RUSSIAN PROVERB

OUR FAILURE IN PUERTO RICO

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IF you visit Puerto Rico today you will find that the "continental" Americans in business there are blazing with indignation about what they call the socialization of the island under Governor Rexford Tugwell and Luis Muñoz-Marin.

Muñoz-Marin is the leader of the controlling popular party that for its slogan has the words, "Bread, Land and Liberty."

He and Governor Tugwell clash with big business on what they consider the outrageous exploitation of the island. They say that the Puerto Ricans are full-fledged American citizens and have been ever since United States citizenship was extended to them by the Jones act, approved March 2, 1917. They are determined that every effort shall be made to raise the standard of living of the islands to something which will begin to approximate that of American workers elsewhere. For this reason the first word in the popular party's slogan is — Bread.

Muñoz-Marin is so dangerously radical as to say that his objective is to give every Puerto Rican family —

not individual but family — an annual income of \$500 a year. To do this means breaking the stranglehold of big business upon the life of the island. Today the sugar cane worker gets \$277 a year (and that is far superior to the wage of tobacco laborer, which is \$181 a year.) The four great sugar companies, however, pay huge dividends. The sugar barons do not live in Puerto Rico. The stock is largely owned in the United States and Spain, and the profits are disbursed abroad, with very little of them going to those who live in Puerto Rico. Hence these two governmental leaders want to stabilize the Puerto Ricans as Americans by ending the terrible conditions of distress, misery, unemployment and actual near-starvation of great numbers of the Puerto Rican people.

The demand for "Bread" is founded on indisputable fact. This exquisitely beautiful island is an economic hell-hole. In Luis Muñoz-Marin there is a Puerto Rican leader with the oratorical power to inflame these ignorant people almost wholly inexperienced in self-government, and to lead them,

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to use a phrase of Woodrow Wilson's, "into paths of destruction." But the dark fact is that the situation is a pathological one. The horrible evils from which Puerto Rico suffers are growing worse and are too unbearable for a leisurely solution.

When I visited the model farm being developed at Castaner by members of the Brumbaugh Reconstruction Unit and a group of conscientious objectors, an objector from Oklahoma said he thought he could make a contribution to our long evening's discussion in which most of the group participated.

"I come from a township in which there are only about six families, and I have never been out of our country before, but I think I know what's the chief trouble with these Puerto Ricans. They are a lonely people," he said.

I looked at him with amazement. "A *lonely* people when they live nearly 600 to the square mile and are the most densely crowded in the whole world?"

"Yes," he insisted, "they *are* lonely. They are so happy when you come to see them that they want to share with you whatever food or drink they have in the house, even though it is their last scrap or last drop."

"But that," I argued, "is a Spanish inheritance. All Latin-Americans are like that."

He insisted that they wanted spiritual help more than physical, personal contacts with those from the outside, from the outer world. Somehow his

words stuck. I tried them on three high officials in the Insular Health Department a few days later. The effect was electrical. The woman among the three burst out fiercely: "Of course they are lonely, why shouldn't they be?" She could not go on; there were tears in her eyes.

The distinguished physician and administrator, next to her, broke in: "Certainly they are lonely. Why? Because they lack everything, because they are just like other human beings and want to get ahead. Don't continental Americans want to get ahead? Don't they want to have their children rise? Don't they want to know what the world they live in is like? Don't they want to read and write? Don't they want to govern themselves? Don't they want to exercise their creative abilities?"

Two hundred thousand of the island's children never set foot in a school. Fifty thousand families live in utterly disgraceful slums. Many thousands of starving children present themselves every day to the 550 milk stations founded or developed by Mrs. Tugwell, the wife of the governor.

The second cause of death between twenty-five and thirty-four is *suicide*. It is also the third cause of death of men from twenty to twenty-four. Even worse, suicide ranks next after tuberculosis as among the causes of death of girls from the age of fifteen to nineteen. Many of the latter can be seen on the streets offering themselves as prostitutes, and the inroads

of syphilis are a scourge. Yet the peons, seeing no way to get themselves or their children out of this slavery, visibly without hope, undersized, struggling to keep body and soul together, go on having shockingly large families.

Such is the economic state of the people. What is the diagnosis?

The Puerto Rican will tell you that it is the Washington bureaucrat who rules the island as an American colony. It has only a modicum of self-government, cannot even elect its own governor, and has not even the status of a territory. The Puerto Ricans point to the fact that today, when unemployment ranges from 50,000 to 250,000 depending upon the sugar harvesting season, and when there is a tremendous demand for labor in the United States, their dire need of work has been utterly disregarded by the Washington Government until the last two months, while it has imported into the U. S. many Mexicans and Jamaican and Bahaman Negroes. Why, they ask, should foreigners have been given preference so long over Americans who are in great distress? They were never satisfied with the explanation that it was because the Puerto Ricans did not speak English and were not naturally good agricultural laborers, and that there was a dearth of transportation. Their reply was, of course, that Mexicans, too, don't speak English, and that the Jamaicans and Bahamans did not swim to the United States. Their belief has been that they were discriminated

against because under our laws they could stay on the continent and could not be forcibly returned as the foreigners will be.

Next, they were deeply stirred because of the measures taken in Washington in connection with the great demand for Puerto Rican rum. The distillers mistakenly believed that they could have exported 20,000,000 gallons to the United States this year, and that with the tax running from \$6.00 a gallon up to April 1, and then to \$9.00, they were putting the island treasury in sight of an enormous surplus which could be used to build decent homes for the 250,000 people living in the depths of degradation, and filth and misery — 75 per cent of all the housing is officially reported to be sub-standard. But the Washington bureaucrats have allowed them to export only 7,300,000 gallons because of consideration for Cuba, which is also in considerable need. It became a bitter jest that it is better to be a good neighbor instead of a good American. Again they inquire whether they are American citizens or not, and if they are, why foreigners should be favored to their hurt. Then for a time the War Production Board threatened to give them far fewer cartons and containers than they needed for the 7,300,000 gallons. That blunder has now fortunately been remedied. But the Puerto Ricans ask whether it was fair and just that such radical measures affecting their welfare should be ordained in Washington without their being consulted, in

the face of the protests of Governor Tugwell and Muñoz-Marín, and other officials and leaders and the press. In other words, like all colonial subjects, they bitterly resent being governed without adequate representation in Washington and by an insular regime without power to decide their fate.

Again, the Puerto Ricans chafe under the fact that there is a very severe censorship between the United States and the island, and between Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, ninety miles away, also under the American flag. They have been acutely conscious of the fact that only during the last two months have passenger ships been allowed to take passengers from Puerto Rico to the United States, and that therefore all passenger traffic has been in the hands of the Pan-American Airways monopoly. This is, of course, controlled by the federal commission in Washington, which for some reason or other permits the air division of the American Export Line to run cargo planes into the island, but has not permitted it as yet to transport passengers. In other words, the American citizens on Puerto Rico are practically prisoners upon their island. They understood this in the days when the enemy submarines were sinking ships all around the island, when the shelves of the stores were bare of goods, and the food supply was dangerously low, to say nothing of the lack of gasoline. But they don't understand why this condition should continue now to limit travel to the extent that it does.

What makes them the more sensitive is the fact that communications between the island and the mainland have long dissatisfied them. Here Puerto Rico has been the victim of the most obvious discrimination. The coastwise shipping law under which a foreign vessel cannot proceed from one American port to another has steadily been applied to Puerto Rico, though not to the neighboring Virgin Islands, and not to the Philippines. Again the Puerto Rican asks why. No foreign ship bound for an American port could stop and load Puerto Rican sugar for the United States. It has thrown the whole shipping situation into the hands of four American lines. A monopoly has thus been created, imposing excessively high freight rates to and from the island. Upon the necessity of altering this law all the business men and merchants of the island are agreed, whether they are Americans from the continent or native-born.

Again, the Puerto Ricans complain that whenever a group of them undertakes to start up an industry somebody in the same business in the continental United States promptly comes down and dumps large quantities of goods at below cost prices, just as so often happens in trading between nations. Whether under our laws and Constitution any measure can be devised to prevent this dumping, the Puerto Rican does not undertake to ask. He knows what happens, and it again gives him the feeling that he is believed to be a rank out-

sider and not a regular part of the American life of the continent. He attributes the decline of his citrus fruit industry to the failure of the steamship companies to put on fast ships.

These are some of the concrete causes of discontent. It is hardly surprising in view of all this that the Puerto Rican is seeking to change his relationship to the Federal Government, that he talks of complete autonomy or possibly dominion status, or statehood, or even independence.

Let it be said here today the bulk of the Puerto Ricans is outwardly opposed to the proposals of the *Independentistas*. I am strongly of the opinion, however, that at heart a great many more people would like to have Puerto Rico cut loose from the American body politic than are now willing to admit it. What keeps the independence movement from becoming an important part of the political life of the island today is the fear that if it were freed by the United States it would be deprived of the American tariff protection which has assured to the island its share of the North American sugar market. Were the United States to say that, since there is almost no manufacturing whatever in Puerto Rico, and the only real competition to American industry comes from Puerto Rican sugar, it would consider an independent Puerto Rico within the American tariff zone, the political situation might witness an important change. Until now, however, the advo-

cates of independence have not been able to show how the island could go it alone after losing the American sugar market, or how it would find the working capital necessary to maintain it until it found new overseas customers, or how it would replace the annual outright gifts of the United States which have averaged from \$30,000,000 a year up to the stupendous sum of \$63,500,000 including internal revenue taxes—the latter will obviously go much higher in the coming fiscal year because of the rum situation. Even Senator Tydings of Maryland, in introducing his bill for the independence of the island, prescribed a period of twenty years during which the American tariffs should be put on Puerto Rican products at the rate of 5% a year.

II

What intensifies the demand for independence, in certain circles, or for statehood or some new dominion form of government, is something apart from economics. There is the evil of government from a distance, not simply by bureaucrats but by bureaucrats who speak a different language, who often do not know the island or anything about it, and have no innate sympathy for Latin-Americans, no respect for their inborn traits, or for their culture.

Not even the international character of this war has inclined Americans to like foreigners or understand them. By and large, looking back over

many years, our attitude toward the immigrants among us has not been so very far behind the old feeling of the Chinese that any visitors from abroad were foreign devils. The great stumbling block to a movement for statehood for Puerto Rico is the belief that the Congress would never vote to take in as the 49th State a solid bloc of Latin-Americans, 2,000,000 strong, living 950 miles from the nearest United States port. We have held Puerto Ricans for forty-six years, but we have not taught them English, nor have they shown any ardent desire to learn it. The Puerto Ricans believe with Secretary Ickes that before good government can become a reality the Congress must make up its mind about a definite policy in regard to the island. We have never had any long-term program for it since the day that General Nelson Miles marched into the island and announced that he had come to bestow upon the islanders the blessings of American liberty and our high standard of living. Congress has never said whether it wished the island to prepare itself for statehood, and above all it has never given it anything like home rule.

That again makes the Puerto Rican ask whether he is or is not an American citizen. He hears from innumerable orators that the cornerstone of the American Republic is self-government down to the smallest political unit. He knows that he can vote for the resident commissioner in Washington, who can speak but not vote

in the House of Representatives; he cherishes his right to vote for members of the two houses of the local legislature and for municipal officials. Beyond that he knows that the authority which controls his life is scattered all over Washington. He does want to elect his governor, and he does want to decide his own fate wherever that is possible under the American flag. At least he wants a man in the governor's palace who is a Puerto Rican and not an American appointed by whoever is President — a Puerto Rican elected by the votes of the people. If he is thoughtful he knows that that will not of itself insure good government, but he insists that he would prefer bad government by his own kind rather than fair or indifferent and autocratic government from Washington.

Recognizing that the Puerto Ricans were reaching the breaking point, President Roosevelt last year appointed a joint commission of Puerto Ricans and continental Americans to draft a reform bill to give a large measure of self-government to the island.

What has happened to that bill is characteristic of the whole colonial government system. The commission drafted a measure which, though obviously a compromise, took Puerto Rico well along the road towards self-government. The commission included able Puerto Ricans of all shades of political opinion. The measure it produced provided for an elected governor, and for one who would have real power and be in a position to do a good job.

Since it reached the Senate the bill has been mangled almost beyond recognition and in that shape it was passed by the Senate on February 15 last. No thoughtful person in Puerto Rico believes that any governor who might take office under this bill could do else than fail to govern the island properly and the bitterest anti-Americans on the island see in it a deliberate trap laid to prove to the world that no Puerto Rican is fit to govern. While the governor is to serve for four years, the Senate has provided for an elected attorney-general, and for an auditor whose term is to run for nine years. The auditor, who cannot be removed by the governor or anybody else, will be in a position to oppose and hamper the governor at all times if he is so disposed.

The bill also calls for the appointment of all Puerto Rican supreme court judges by the President instead of by the governor on the spot. It limits the Puerto Rican Legislature to biennial sessions of not more than ninety days, and provides that all executive agencies now or hereafter created, shall be placed in already existing departments of the government. This was plainly a slap at the Puerto Rican legislature and Governor Tugwell, under whom the functions of the insular government have been extended precisely as have been our own in Washington by the appointment of a number of new authorities, boards and commissions voted by the legislature. The heads of these bureaus are now appointed by the

governor and the legislature, and he can hold them to responsibility; under the Senate bill even the heads of the executive departments have their terms fixed by the legislature and so probably are not removable by the governor. We have learned nothing from the curse of the infinitely divided authority which governs Puerto Rico. Under this measure we would divide the responsibility so the governor could not really control the destinies of the island under legislative supervision and be responsible for results.

III

The Puerto Rican asks why this should be done to him. He asks why he cannot be trusted as an American citizen to live under a responsible government. He reminds you that even under Spanish rule the island had two regular representatives in the Cortes in Madrid, and just before the American annexation the Queen of Spain granted complete autonomy to the island. Why, he asks, cannot the American Republic, which boasts that it is fighting all over the world for the establishment of the Four Freedoms, do for Puerto Rico as much as the effete Spanish monarchy of 1896 was willing to? Is he to be blamed if he believes that the Americans at heart think that the Puerto Rican is an inferior person? Do Americans so easily forget all their slogans about self-government and the rights of free men?

A number of new commissions and authorities have indeed been appointed,

just as has been the case under the New Deal in Washington. Now one may believe that this has gone too far or feel otherwise, but the fact is that the situation in the island has been, and is now, so desperate that only heroic measures can possibly save it, and that, since private capital is not able to deal with the problem by providing adequate employment and enough industry, the government has had to step in. The result is that the legislature has voted for commissions and boards dealing with public utilities, the water resources, all forms of transportation, all communications, housing, and land. In addition, it has provided a planning, urbanizing and zoning board which has begun its career as the first authority to look ahead in the history of Puerto Rico by planning a six-year budget for the development of the island and its governmental functions.

The land authority has taken over 19,000 acres of sugar land upon which to resettle workers either on small subsistence farms or on proportional profit holdings of larger size, which are to take the place of the huge farms held by the great sugar companies in violation of the organic law of 1900, which provided that no corporation could hold more than 500 acres of land. All the 251,000 acres of sugar land are thus to be taken over, while the sugar mills have been made public utilities under the regulation of the Public Service Commission. To man these boards and authorities a fine group of men has been selected — a better type than

any yet seen in Puerto Rico — who have still to prove, however, whether they can keep politics out of their departments, and whether they have efficiency and can get adequate financial support from the legislature to carry their projects to success. Even then it is not clear that they will be able to achieve great results. The sugar companies say that the plan will fail to produce the sugar cane needed to keep up the crop and supply the sugar mills with the necessary cane for grinding. They point to the complete failure of the government-owned Lafayette sugar mill and lands as a warning of what may come to pass.

The Insular Development Company is building glass factories, a mill board and roofing factory to use "bagasse" (the ground up sugar cane), and a paper mill to make cartons, besides planning for yeast plants, a textile and hosiery mill and other enterprises. This does not mean that the government intends to go into business itself. It is only trying to draw in private capital by proving that such enterprises can make their way, and the Development Bank it has set up is intended only to give long-term credits to new enterprises, which credits are not obtainable from any of the local banks.

Here again everything will depend upon the ability which the particular leadership displays, and whether politics and favoritism can be barred in an island which suffers as much from its politicians as any similar stretch of land in the American hemisphere. There is

hope in the men who are coming forward. When Charles W. Taussig, the American co-chairman of the International Caribbean Commission, returned to Puerto Rico from the recent first public session of the Commission in the Barbadoes, he went out of his way to speak in the most enthusiastic terms of the Puerto Rican delegation to the meeting. He declared its men were the outstanding figures of the conference, and especially on the scientific side. In such developments, in the work of the Institute of Tropical Medicine, in the endeavors of the Puerto Rican Reconstruction Administration to establish model farms at various places on the island, and in other directions, lies a real hope.

But these are partial remedies and slow ones. Puerto Rico came to the United States as the victim of Spanish colonialism. It still suffers in consequence, nearly half a century later. It cannot be overlooked, cannot be forgotten even in this hour of total war. Shall the islanders go on living in filth, misery, ignorance, hunger and despair, in the loneliness of helpless masses, making greater and greater demands upon the charity of the American people? Or shall we really take hold of this desperate situation and, if necessary, spend the price of two or three battleships to clean up this dreadful mess and remove this smirch from the American flag, and give them the right to rule themselves?



The Presidency —

No man will ever bring out of the Presidency the reputation which carries him into it.

— THOMAS JEFFERSON

If you are as happy, my dear sir, on entering this house as I am in leaving it and returning home, you are the happiest man in this country.

— JAMES BUCHANAN TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN
at the White House, March 4, 1861

No man who ever held the office of President would congratulate a friend on obtaining it. He will make one man ungrateful, and a hundred men his enemies, for every office he can bestow.

— JOHN ADAMS

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Predictions For Next Season

THE theatrical season of 1944-1945 will be getting under full way in a month or so. At the beginning of a number of past seasons I offered some predictions in various directions that honored me by turning out to be strangely accurate. Emboldened by their politeness in obliging me, I risk my standing as a clairvoyant in presenting a number concerned with the coming year. (They are, for the record, set down on June 5.)

1. If Eugene O'Neill sees fit to allow the production of his play, *The Iceman Cometh*, completed several years ago, it will win both the Pulitzer and Critics' Circle prizes hands down, even if the manner of its presentation should turn out to be not altogether satisfactory. It is one of the finest plays in the American dramatic record and, besides winning the afore-said awards, can't help being a big box-office success. It is certain that O'Neill will not permit the production of a second completed play, *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, under any circumstances.

2. Whatever they may think of the play critically, it is likely that the reviewers will cotton to the theme of Zoë Akins' next effort. Its droll originality will appeal to anyone fed up with

the endless rehashings of the same old plots and ideas.

3. Producers being what they are, there will probably be not one but at least four or five plays dealing with sailors on the loose among the female sex. The producers will be fetched by their "timeliness." Most of the plays will obviously lean toward the risqué; they will in essence generally suggest *Sailor, Beware!*; one or two of them may have moments of amusing observation and some pretty fair gags; but not one of them will be of any genuine quality, and not more than one of them will make any real money.

4. Most of the plays put on by the experimental groups will, as usual in recent years, disclose nothing in the way of authentic merit. If perchance one of the plays is even faintly above the average of those generally sponsored by the groups, it is sure to be praised by the surprised reviewers out of all proportion to its actual worth.

5. At least ten moving picture actresses will appear in Broadway plays and out of the lot not more than two or at most three will prove themselves satisfactory in the dramatic medium.

6. It will rain or snow on the occasion of most of the premières at the National Theatre. (It usually does.)

7. If the City Center Theatre sees fit to inaugurate a Christmas pantomime in the Drury Lane manner, it will prove to be eminently successful.

8. The usual number of Hollywood movie scenario writers will come into the theatre with plays. None of their attempts at serious drama will be worth a hoot, although one or maybe two will prove fair enough in a humorous direction. This will also apply to former playwrights who have sacrificed their talents to the pictures for any considerable period.

9. No dirty musical comedy book will get by.

10. No play dealing with Hollywood life or the radio business will succeed.

11. Any professional Shakespearean revival, if cast with some well-known actors, will be prosperous at the box-office, even if the play isn't particularly well done.

12. At least four plays dealing in one way or another with the world upheaval will see production. Although one or even so many as two may possibly do some business, none will disclose any real quality.

13. It will again be a big year for "entertainment," with serious drama occupying a distinctly minor position.

14. There will be at least half a dozen new plays by English playwrights, only one of which will have anything to recommend it critically.

15. There will also be several propaganda plays by Americans, not one of which, aside from its routine sincerity, will in turn have anything to

recommend it critically. Nevertheless, the newspaper reviews of one or two of them will be something pretty fancy.

16. Let a producer see fit to put on a revival of *Rip Van Winkle* with an appropriate actor as Rip and it will surely score a success.

17. Last season, there were seven dramatizations of novels, all but one of which were commercial failures. The average for this coming season will be better.

18. None of the following American playwrights, if they come into the theatre with new plays, will top their best previous work: Maxwell Anderson, William Saroyan, Elmer Rice, Vincent Lawrence, Clifford Odets, George Kelly.

19. If, in turn, they show up, watch for improvement in the cases of John Steinbeck, Robert Sherwood, Sidney Kingsley, Paul Osborn.

20. Any play dealing with a domineering mother or wife, pregnancy, the estate of the Negro, the danger of fascist tendencies within the nation, or the plight of the Jews will have a hard row to hoe and, unless it be at least five times better than plays on the same subjects which we have been getting in recent years, will fail with the reviewers and at the box-office.

21. The public will get tired of ballets incorporated into musical shows and by the end of the season, however good they may be, will cry quits.

22. Lillian Hellman's next play, though she will have a hard time controlling her tendencies, will doubtless

be more in the line of a study in character and will forego to a large degree her later fetish for political and sociological exercises.

23. No play which begins with a radio in operation, whatever the nature of the play, will succeed.

24. The motion picture interests will back at least half a dozen plays which, though some of them may turn out to be good investments, will none of them be of any sound critical quality.

25. Following the great success of *The Voice of the Turtle*, there will be several similar small-cast ventures, only one of which at most will capture the slightest public interest.

26. If Judith Anderson re-appears on the stage, she will achieve a personal success no matter what the play or the rôle in which she offers herself.

27. If *The Belle of New York*, which has been announced for revival, is actually revived, they will doubtless cast the wrong girl in the old Edna May rôle and throw a monkey-wrench into the show.

28. Fully two dozen actresses will provide newspaper interviews which will uniformly attest not only to the remarkable gifts of whatever director they happen to be currently working with, along with the fact that he personally is a darling, but to the play being one of the favorites of their entire careers. If any of the actresses is over fifty-five, there will be included a fulsome tribute to either Charles Frohman, David Belasco, or George Tyler.

29. Among all the musical shows

that see production, there will be not one which at some period during the evening will not bathe its stage in a purple light.

30. If the Lunts follow their announcement with a revival of Molnar's *The Guardsman*, it will be a commercial success. If, on the other hand, they should decide to revive George Kaufman's and Edna Ferber's *The Royal Family*, which they have not announced, it will be an even greater commercial success. In either case, they will also score a personal and critical success.

31. Should someone see fit to produce a farce dealing with horse racing, it will fail, even if it isn't so bad.

32. Following its failure to make an award to a play last season, the Pulitzer committee will without question arbitrarily make an award at the end of this next season, whether any play deserves it or not.

33. Playwrights with their eyes on the box-office will with negligible exception fall all over themselves explaining why any young leading male character in their plays not in uniform happens to be that way. Most of them, however, will play safe by sending the boys around to Brooks' for the protective costumes.

34. Billy Rose has announced six positive productions. He will doubtless go through with two at most.

35. The next dream play that sees production, whatever it is, will be a failure.

36. At least three exhibits which will be treated roughly by the review-

ers will succeed in spite of them, and at least one which they will praise will fail at the box-office.

37. The Theatre Guild's season will hardly match its last season in prosperity.

38. Three novice actresses and two novice actors will score big successes with the critics. Of them all, only one will amount to anything in subsequent seasons.

39. There will be at least two so-called psychological thrillers which will be compared with *Angel Street* to their discredit.

40. Of the various mystery plays that will see production the best that one will be able to say of the best of them is that it is only fair and considerably below the mark of certain

plays of the species exhibited in other years.

41. The projected musical version of Molnar's *Liliom* by the Rodgers-Hammerstein combination is certain of success.

42. Daphne du Maurier's dramatization of her novel, *Rebecca*, will hardly repeat its Chicago success in New York.

43. The revival of Oscar Straus' *The Waltz Dream*, if at all well done, will make money.

44. Of the new plays that may be tried out in the small summer theatres none will prove to be of any real quality.

45. It will be the last season that ice skating shows will retain their hold on the public.



" . . . Just to prove that it CAN be done in mid-stream. . . ."

TRAGIC GREECE

By JAMES H. POWERS

IN a Europe where the afflictions borne by Germany's victims have become a cruel commonplace, the plight of Greece is in many respects unique. All the *dramatis personæ* of ancient classical drama, and not a few elements of melodrama, find place and rôle on the stage where her tragic story unfolds, act by act, toward a denouement still unpredictable.

That stage itself is more spacious than many imagine. From the homeland of a people reduced by starvation, beset by invaders, and torn by internal factionalism, it stretches over the blue waters of the Aegean to the Lebanese mountains of the Levant States — where delegates from discordant groups met recently in the latest attempt to achieve unity among tough guerrilla bands fighting in Greece and the régime in exile at Cairo. It spreads southward to the valley of the Nile and the Egyptian Sudan — where some 260 veteran Greek officers, most of them bearing decorations bestowed by the British Government for bravery at El Alemein and in sea battles of the Eastern Mediterranean, now huddle in a con-

centration camp under British bayonets. It widens to Washington and Pretoria — whither other heroic fighters against the Italian and German invaders have been dispatched to posts of idleness and neglect, remote from the Middle East where power politics, royal ambition, and the demands of the Greek people for responsible constitutional government are presently in collision. Finally it touches London — where dynastic alliance ties the fortunes of the House of Glucksburg to the British royal family through the marriage of the sister of the Greek king to the late Duke of Kent, and where considerations of imperial British policy in the post-war Mediterranean world marshal support of Winston Churchill's government behind the claims of George II of the Hellenes, whose people want no more of him.

The Greeks thus find themselves tangled simultaneously in three perplexing problems, any one of which would suffice in normal times to occupy the entire attention and energy of a nation. They are fighting the German invader and his Bulgarian

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allies in a grisly war in which no quarter is asked or given. They are struggling to resolve the issue between monarchy and republic and rid themselves of a ruler so often foresworn as to forfeit the confidence of his people and the right to claim constitutional basis for his rule. And they are bearing the old, familiar Balkan burden as pawns in a game of imperial politics played by the great Powers. •

It is of the utmost importance to any understanding of the difficulties of Greece today that the last point be kept in mind. The Mediterranean is now a British lake. Threats to the Western gateway at Gibraltar, ominous until defeat of the Germans in North Africa and the downfall of the Mussolini régime in Italy, have been dissipated. The Eastern gate at Suez has remained securely in British hands since the beginning of the war. The passage of the Dardanelles is in the keeping of Turkey — a British ally, whose reluctance to enter the war has elicited from London no suggestion that the alliance be abrogated. Britain dominates the Middle East from Iraq, through Syria and Lebanon (where she lately cheered on a native movement designed to weaken historic French influence) to Arabia and Egypt.

The only shore of the greatest of inland seas where question might arise with respect to Britain's Mediterranean position lies to the north. There three great peninsulas jut dangerously into the stragetic areas of this

important British preserve: the Iberian, which shelters Spain and Portugal (another British ally); the Italian; and the Balkan — which harbors not only Greece at its lower extremity, but the turbulent Southern Slavs who are bound by race, by political leaning, and by religious traditions to Russia.

Great Britain's present policy toward Spain, Italy, Jugoslavia, and Greece has thus a single purpose: consolidation of her influence on the three peninsulas. While the Axis exists, the threat to that influence is, of course, Germany. With the prospective demise of the Third Reich as a great Power, the only possible challenge of importance could come from Britain's present ally, Russia, whose influence through to the Adriatic is already obvious.

Greece, occupying the rocky extremity of the Balkan Peninsula, is thus a focal point. As the Germans have demonstrated since they took Crete, whoever holds Greece and her adjacent islands in the Aegean can flank Turkey into inaction, and block the water routes to the Black Sea by way of the Dardanelles. There is not the slightest evidence thus far that the USSR is interfering with the internal concerns of unhappy Greece. It is the habit of British imperial policy makers, however, to look far ahead; and Mr. Churchill recently remarked that the British have a preference for the monarchical system not only at home, but elsewhere. Only the ignorant, he avers, imagine that progress is

achieved by changing from monarchy to a republic. The firm persistent support given the King of Yugoslavia, the Savoy dynasty in Italy, and the King of Greece by British policy suit that view of rule. Monarchy fits more harmoniously than republics might into the pattern of Britain's requirements in the Mediterranean. It makes an easier ally.

The rôle of King George II of Greece is thus affected not only by the issues involving it with respect to the Greek people at home. It is of direct and vital concern to the policy makers of the largest empire on earth, who are keenly aware that the weak spot in the imperial structure during the coming decades appears in the Middle East and India.

II

The quarrel between the great majority of the Greek people and their exiled King at Cairo is accordingly a matter of vast annoyance to Britain, not merely because of the immediate concerns of war against the Germans in the Balkans, but because it jeopardizes the security of post-war British influence at a crucial point in the Mediterranean. To support King George II against the threat to his future tenure which has arisen in Greece, every resource of the British Middle Eastern Headquarters at Cairo, and every device of British statesmanship and armed force, are assembled. This includes careful, *ex parte* official descriptions of what is going on —

like that lately delivered by Prime Minister Churchill at London — and the manipulation of a censorship at Cairo which seeks to prevent any news from leaking to the outside world which would tend to upset the official policy thesis laid down by British interest.

Nevertheless, the opposition expressed by the Greeks to their royal ruler is deep and bitter — so bitter that it seems unlikely he will return to the throne at Athens unless escorted there by armed force. This quarrel does not arise from any traditional aversion to monarchy in Greece. The Greek people are exuberant individualists and cherish a lively love of liberty; but they have shown since the middle of the nineteenth century an entire willingness to accept the monarchical system, provided those wielding the scepter do not have recourse to absolutism and violate constitutional restraints. Unhappily for them, the House of Glucksburg, which was established by the Great Powers nearly a century ago at Greek invitation, has produced a succession of monarchs addicted to absolutism and, in King George's case, wedded to ideas of fascism and dictatorship. The present quarrel arises from that cause. The pressure which British policy has summoned to the aid of the King must share with him the responsibility for the present fratricidal strife in Greece.

The hankering for absolutism and the inveterate distaste for democratic principles which compelled the Allies

in World War I to depose King George's father, Constantine, in 1917, descend lineally to the present ruler. George's grandfather was assassinated at Salonika in 1913 in connection with disputes arising from the First Balkan War. His mother was the sister of the last German Kaiser. When Constantine was restored to the throne after World War I by a preposterous plebiscite (in which he obtained 150 per cent of all the legally registered votes in the nation) he lasted only until a recurrence of his old habit of rash and disastrous decisions roused an outraged electorate to send him packing again.

Prince George, born July 7, 1890, shared the family experience of exile. He also shares to a notable degree the family flair for rule by force. Educated in a Prussian military academy, he followed his father's footsteps. Called to the throne in the early nineteen twenties, he fled a few months later from the wrath of the people to exile in London, where he remained until 1935, when General John Metaxas and other army officers, assisted by the British Foreign Office, engineered his return. Again the plebiscite was invoked. This canvas of public opinion was at best a dubious warrant. It was rigged like that which brought back his father. Opposition party leaders were dispersed by the strong armed General Metaxas, whose affection for the rising Nazi system in Germany led him to pay an annual visit to the Reich for "refresher courses." Jail and exile were the lot of

dissenters of importance. The Aegean isles became once more havens for refugees from the political storm on the mainland. The king won by an officially-claimed 55 per cent and an unofficial claim of 90 per cent. A more reliable poll of opinion, taken shortly before, showed that General Metaxas and his fascist party could gain only seven seats in the Parliament and that the royalists were in a distinct minority.

John Metaxas was a brilliant soldier and a capable administrator notwithstanding his fascist preferences. By skillful maneuvering and by dint of abundant promises (never fulfilled) he inveigled the two largest parties to cooperate in making him premier. Thus he was in charge of the government when the King returned from London amid loud fanfares, breathing benevolence and good intentions. Metaxas and the King, however, had other fish to fry. Accordingly, during the first week of August 1936, Greece awoke one morning to find itself under a fascist dictatorship which the King and Metaxas collaborated in establishing. The constitution was abolished. The parliamentary system was ended by fiat. A reign of terror was launched against all potential dissenters. Once more the Aegean isles received their complement of exiles. Faithfully following his German model, Adolf Hitler, Metaxas scoured every department of Greek life and society for victims. Scores of leaders opposing the coup were executed. The jails bulged. King George's friendship for the Hit-

ler régime now came out into the open. Organizations similar to the Hitler Youth were encouraged under royal patronage. The educational system was purged ruthlessly of all suggestions having to do with democracy, consent of the governed, or the people's rights. Plato and Thucydides shared with Abraham Lincoln the distinction of being banned from all the schools of Hellas! Greece became a mass of slumbering hatreds as an individualistic people, shorn of its freedom, sullenly waited its chance.

The Italian attack touched off a spontaneous explosion of Greek patriotism which submerged differences for unity against a detested enemy. Many exiles flocked back to Greece to help. Some were permitted to fight. Others were shipped out again. Greece inflicted on the Italy of Mussolini one of the most disgraceful defeats in the history of all Mediterranean wars. The sudden death of John Metaxas did not fracture national unity. Politics were postponed until the safety of the nation could be secured.

During this period the King continued to parade his pro-Nazi sympathies. Whether King George intended to become a puppet under Hitler as the Prince Regent of Yugoslavia sought to do, is a question nobody has yet offered to answer. The fact is that the descent of the German fascist avalanche on Greece in her hour of victory was met by an even more spectacular rising of the Greek people in resistance. The nation swept the government with it, making it im-

possible for King George to carry out any Quisling plan, if he ever entertained it. Greek unity stood rocklike and persisted for months after the inevitable German victory forced the King and his followers to take ship for Cairo in Egypt in April 1941.

III

During the voyage from the Piraeus to Egypt, the powder trains were laid which were to blow Greek unity into warring factions and to crystalize opposition to any further rule by George II among the people in Greece. Emmanuel Tsouderos, an Athenian banker, ambitious, reactionary, a staunch royalist, a supporter of the régime of the late John Metaxas, persuaded King George to name him Premier of the Government-in-exile. Tsouderos was among the first of Greek politicians surrounding the throne to perceive that the popular resistance to the Axis powers in Greece carried with it a distinct threat to the future of the Glucksburg dynasty.

In abrogating the constitution with Metaxas, King George had violated his oath and removed the legal foundations upon which his dynasty reposed. Thus, he was in exactly the same case as Victor Emmanuel, who jeopardized his dynasty by a similar action at behest of Mussolini. By reneging also on solemn promises for a free election after re-enthronement, and switching to a fascist dictatorship, the King had added fuel to the fires of resentment smouldering through

Greece. When Greek resistance on the mainland was left to its own devices by departure of the King and his retinue to Egypt, the natural result was that those leading the resistance movement sought to work out some central direction for their battle against the invaders. Thus appeared the initial idea of a provisional government in Greece — an idea which came to fruition this past spring when members of the Greek resistance groups finally organized a central directorate.

The EAM or National Liberation Front had been set up in Greece a few weeks after Germany struck in April 1941. This organization gathered into its ranks men of all parties. Its sole stipulation was support of the fight against the Axis in Greece. The overwhelming majority of its members were made up of middle class Greeks of all parties and hues of opinion. A six man directorate was instituted to conduct EAM's affairs, one of these members being a communist. The EAM fought with marked success all over the Greek peninsula. It cleared the invaders from "the whole of the Pindus, parts of Epirus north of Janina, Western Macedonia, the Olympus and Pierian massifs, Western Thessaly and the mountainous South Western parts of Central Greece, and also from some areas in Northern and North Western Peloponnese and Crete," according to the *New Statesman* of London.

Its aid to the Allies was formidable. By wrecking rails and roads it dis-

rupted Germany's supply lines to North Africa and thus contributed to the victory in the desert west of Egypt. With an army of between 40,000 and 50,000 men, and substantial reserves, though short of equipment, it assailed the Nazis and pinned down many German divisions while the Allies were invading Italy. Invoking general strikes and mass demonstrations, it blocked German efforts to sweep Greek labor into the Reich. It remains today the largest and most powerful all-party resistance group in Greece.

The British acknowledged the help given by EAM during the months of extreme British danger in Africa, and sent military advisors to Greece to help pull all groups together and offer advice. But once the threat to Egypt was removed by El Alemain, the perturbed voice of Premier Tsouderos and his King penetrated British GHQ at Cairo and a change occurred. EAM fell into disfavor. Shortly thereafter, supplies from the British ceased. The ostensible reason for this was doubt about the political aims of the EAM as a "communist" associated organization. The real reason was the alarm of Tsouderos, the King, and the British lest a firm political grouping of all Greeks against the return of the King be evolved.

Support from the Government-in-exile at Cairo was accordingly switched to a guerrilla band led by Colonel Napoleon Zervas, who commanded the EDES or National Democratic Union. This group is small. Its lead-

er's chief claim to fame is that he was at one time a member of the body-guard of the Greek dictator Pangalos in the middle nineteen twenties, and that he is a faithful mercenary to whoever pays him regularly. With the support of the King, Tsouderos and the British, his stock rose at once though his group remained small. But his actions posed several difficult questions. Occupying with his forces only a minor area in Greece, Zervas denounced the EAM as a "communist" outfit, and proceeded to attack it in the rear while its forces were fighting the Germans. The army of the EAM demanded that he purge the EDES of pro-fascists and help fight the Germans, or else disband. Instead he continued to make war on the EAM. The Germans were obviously happy to assist him in this enterprise — as Premier Winston Churchill inadvertently admitted in his long address before Parliament toward the end of May. They even offered Zervas an armistice which "after consultation with the British military mission," he refused.

Meantime, while royal intrigue and British imperial interest were disrupting Greece into civil war, Tsouderos in Egypt was not idle. He sought first to organize a political party in Egypt dedicated to his plan for carrying back the King from among members of the colony of exiles. Failing to progress with this scheme, he tried another. By careful maneuver he gradually filtered pro-fascists of the old Metaxas group into key positions

in the Army and the fleet. When new refugees from Greece discovered this, he was compelled to weed them out again. Continually appealing for unity, he continually sabotaged its prospects by a unilateral political policy which gave precedence to the fortunes of the King and his supporters and defied the obvious will of the various fighting groups in Greece. British military officers there labored manfully to bring unity into the civil war and face it toward the enemy. Tsouderos marched in the opposite direction.

Tsouderos returned to his policy of changing over the armed force command. The Admiral of the Fleet, Alexander Sakkeleriou, who had led the Greek navy with distinction for eight years and wore decorations granted him by the British for prodigies of accomplishment in reorganizing and directing its actions after Greece was invaded, was exiled to Washington. This was done by the enactment of a decree, under Tsouderos' direction, stipulating that no admiral might serve Greece more than eight years. Greece had but one such admiral. Similar tactics were applied to the army. The result, after more maneuvering, was mutiny in the Greek navy-and-army-in-exile, its suppression by armed force mobilized by the British, and the imprisonment of more decorated Greek heroes.

In the midst of this crisis, the guerrilla groups in Greece achieved an agreement. Responding to the latest appeal from Tsouderos for unity — this time supported by Premier Wins-

ton Churchill and President Roosevelt — the EAM and its associates proposed to Cairo that a provisional government be set up in Greece to run the war, under direction of the royal government, or that the cabinet-in-exile be enlarged to take in members representing the majority of the resistance groups in Greece. Tsouderos rejected both proposals and resigned. His successor for three days, Venezelos, son of the famous Greek statesman, fell from office when his plea to the British to grant amnesty to the mutinous officers was curtly rejected.

Under George Papandreou, who next took charge at Cairo, the most ambitious of all Greek unity meetings was engineered at Beirut in the Lebanese mountains. The new premier opened proceedings with castigation of the EAM, whose delegates, nevertheless, agreed to take back to Greece

Papandreou's plan. This would fuse all Greek resistance groups into a national army, directed from Cairo, and place the support of the British behind it. But the moot question — what of the King? — remains. Since all resistance groups in Greece have pledged themselves to prevent the return of the King until peace comes and a free plebiscite indicates that the people want him back — prospects for settlement of the basic problem in Greece continue dim.

As in Spain, in Italy, and in Yugoslavia, the storm in Greece has not been abated or eliminated. It is being merely postponed. Does the proposal of Premier Churchill, for a Three Power triumvirate to boss the peace, mean British intervention in Greece after the war to impose King George? The probability is strong that it means precisely that — “in the interest of international peace.”



*W*HEN nature removes a great man, people explore the horizon for a successor; but none comes, and none will. His class is extinguished with him. In some other and quite different field, the next man will appear.

— RALPH WALDO EMERSON

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVÖE

What We Know About Fish

It is possible for us, though not always easy, to identify ourselves to some degree with the mammals, birds and insects with which we inhabit the land. When a fox squalls in the frozen winter landscape, at mating-season, . . . well, it is not precisely our own way of seeking a mate, but it stirs a quite kindred quality in us. We too,

in an easy flight of imagination, could go panting and padding through the night, barking and squalling. The big moth that lights on our forefinger: it is in many ways different from us, but it too breathes our own air, grapples with little "fingers" as we do, and exults in our own flowers under our own sun. We put birdhouses on our



Fresh Water Fish

Frank Utpatel

lawns because the birds are companionable. We follow their love-making, home-making, family-rearing and attendant problems, and — though we be not in the least falsely anthropomorphic about it — we do see in bird action a pattern of performance that makes it easy for us to regard the wren as our small chattering brother, the oriole as our flashing-winged cousin, the great blue heron as a stately philosopher who might, if he could or cared to speak, murmur just some such serene and aloof pronouncements as George Santayana himself.

This sense of comradeship with those members of earth's living community who fly or sing or run four-footedly is a precious ingredient in any human philosophy which shall preserve our sanity. Held steadfastly and intelligently, it means, at the least, that we retain a certain humility, avoid a certain neurotic malaise which comes of regarding ourselves as alone and divorced from the universe, and secure a kind of sub-theological "animal faith" . . . the thing that the foxes have, following trustingly their inward behests, the thing that the robins have (always, of course, at a pre-conscious level), when they pursue unquestioningly the instincts, intuitions, and internal drives that are their implanted wisdom.

Good as is our comradeship, it has been largely limited to those creatures whose lives are in some easily discernible way akin to our own. Certain creatures have seemed so wholly alien to us that we have scarcely inquired

into their life-ways. We do not know the simplest facts about them. This has been particularly true of fish. Brooks, ponds, lakes, rivers and the sea teem with fish. We have caught them for fun or for profit, and many a fisherman has a good deal of lore about where and when and how the fish may best be caught. But we seldom pause, in yanking the hook out of a trout, to think (as a sportsman may when he wounds a deer) that perhaps it suffers. We do not know its sense-equipments, or how it swims, or how it maintains itself at all in a water-world.

II

The Indian word "brothers," used for all the creatures that are not human on this earth, has the simultaneous virtues of simple poetry and biological precision. It seems time for us to incorporate our brotherly fish into the company of these, our shared lives. Never mind the exceptional and extraordinary fish . . . the prickle-fish and balloon-fish and rays and such exotics. Any common perch or trout or black-striped dace of the country creek will do.

The principal preoccupation in fish-life is not food or reproduction or escape from enemies, though all these of course have their importance, but is a primal and vital matter which strikes the unaccustomed human mind startlingly. The basic question, for a fish, is how to keep from sinking.

A fish's specific gravity is about 1.05, which means that the fish is

considerably heavier than water and will sink like a rock unless some means is devised to increase buoyancy. Such means exist. Many fishes have varying means (sharks, for instance, storing in their livers a buoyant supply of oil that is lighter than water), but among the common little fishes which are our creek and pond brotherhood the common, and superbly effective, mechanism is the swim bladder.

The fish's swim bladder has gaseous contents which may be increased or decreased as altering circumstances require. The operation is very much like that of a balloon: being inflated in order to rise, slowly deflated in order to descend. The mechanics of a fish's swim bladder are too complicated for other than long technical description, but its performance is a thing of expertly perfect precision. It is by means of the bladder that our stream-dwellers frolic near the surface, lie quiet on the bottom-mud when they must, and — as we so commonly see them doing — remain in an exact poised suspension in the water, neither heavier nor lighter than the element, but of identically the weight of the amount of water they displace.

Next to the technique of using the swim-bladder, there comes in importance the technique of swimming. The way our fishes mostly swim is scientifically called *carangiform*. It is done by thrashing the tail from side to side, in the way a boat is sculled, while moving the body with a slight sinuousness and employing the caudal fin. It is *not* done — as is

so widely believed that one must almost suppose the misconception has been supplied by the animated cartoons in the movies — by a rapid paddling with the fins. Mammals, in the water, do paddle. Our common fishes do not. Their fins are simply adroit rudders and subtle stabilizers.

The two primary concerns of the fish-world, depth-control and swimming, being taken care of, there remains many another consideration if we are to have insight into the fishes' life. There is the fact, for instance, that not only the lips, but the entire skin, of any trout or common perch, are covered with tactile sense cells. A fish, so to speak, is tactilely *alive* in a way which our own blunted species can hardly imagine. Fish have lidless eyes, with huge pupils wherewith to see into the dimmest cranny under a brook-bank; by their lidlessness, the eyeballs are kept wet and perpetually washed clear of foreign matter. Fishes see, under the water, as the high circling hawk may see through the medium of the clear air. There is no outer and no middle ear in a fish. But there is a membranous labyrinth, and the water transmits sound-waves directly, crashingly, to the inner ear. A fox can hear a twig snap, far, far away. A trout can hear the scrabble of an insect on the water when, to our human hearing, there is no sound at all. Fish have two nostrils: sacs connecting with the water through a pair of orifices in front of each eye. Dissect a brook-trout, scientifically, and there will be found in each nostril-sac a

multitude of scent-cells. How far down-wind can a rabbit scent a red fox? In the under-water world of a trout, what myriads of olfactory perceptions may there be, of which we, sense-bound to the land, have never dreamed?

A fish's means of coping with its many enemies — kingfishers, herons, otters, coons, even sometimes crows when little side-pools of a brook start drying — is generally just swift and ingenious flight; but for protection against everyday injuries it possesses an exoskeleton of scales. Thin, oval, the scales are arranged in rows like lapping shingles. There is a further natural protection against enemies: the coloring. The coloring of a fish tends, like all camouflage, either to make the wearer difficult to see against his background or to make his activities and shifts of position deceptive and hard to calculate. Fish camouflage is of both kinds. A dull brown back, as a fish lies motionless in the bottom-mud, makes him exceedingly hard to see. The red and orange and black pigments in a fish's skin, together with glittering iridescence and distortive reflection, pose a considerable difficulty to any kingfisher that tries to keep an accurate eye on a darting, flashing trout.

Fish breathe, of course, by gills. An artery pumps blood from the heart to the gill filaments; carbonic acid gas from the blood is passed out of the gill. Fresh oxygen is taken in from the

stream of water which is perpetually entering the fish's mouth and passing out through the gill slits. It is a kind of breathing that we find a little difficult to imagine. There is no reason why we should. Ask any anatomist or physician and he will be glad to tell you that in our own human necks (for, after all, we *are* all comrades in a large evolutionary process of birds and mammals and lizards and trees and rocks and a million other things) we still possess vestigially the same gill-slits through which a black bass breathes. We still have the stump of a woods-animal's tail, though only rarely is it long enough now to discomfort us when we sit down. We still have muscles to perk our ears, like a fox. We do not squall with desire in rutting season; nor do our women, like female fish, lay quantities of eggs, over which the male fish then later sows his fertilizing milt. But we are close and cousinly to all of that.

Heywood Broun used to be much troubled about fishing. He knew that when a fish is pulled out on the bank, it becomes at once stone blind, and that its frequently long death is, precisely speaking, suffocation. Heywood Broun was an imaginative man, and in most issues a kindly one. He said: "Fishermen and scientists are always telling me that a fish doesn't mind getting hooked; that it doesn't suffer. Well, I don't know. I think I'd sort of like to get an opinion on the subject from a fish."

THE LIBRARY

Essential America

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

THE late Stephen Vincent Benét, beside being a lovable man, was a true man of letters. And so is André Maurois. It is an extremely healthy impulse that led each of them to take the identical topic at the same time. Benét called his short book *America*¹ while the Frenchman called his big work *The Miracle of America*,² but brief as one is and detailed as the other is, the object is the same — to disclose the underlying purpose and promise of American life by giving a summary history of the United States.

Now it may be supposed, in that hinterland of the mind where we save our energy by little acts of perfidy, that these literary men who venture into the historical field are simply rehashing the old story, and doing it, if not to boil the pot, at least to stoke the patriotic fire. This is what is known as a legitimate suspicion, but it is really not justified. And it is par-

ticularly unjustified on the ground that Benét and Maurois are men of letters. Their attempt to envisage the whole, to bring the great story into new focus, and to give power and magic to the record of a mighty adventure, is worthy of any historical practitioner, but it has fallen to literary men for the good reason that what the public needs, and needs as a sweating man needs salt, is history as literature.

At the present moment the United States is torn by self-questioning. So drastic a public event as the rejection of Wendell Willkie in Wisconsin, for example, in a mood that Eduard C. Lindeman reports to be one of confusion, fear and hatred, might well return a serious inquirer to former campaigns for the Presidency. It is the sort of event that has precedents. But to enliven these precedents, to make history vital for politics, calls for the literary man's vivifying power.

¹\$1.50. Farrar & Rinehart.

²\$3.50. Harper.

FRANCIS HACKETT has had a long and distinguished career as editor and as author. Among his most widely read historical biographies are *Henry the Eighth — A Personal History* and *Francis the First*. His novels include *The Green Lion* and *Queen Anne Boleyn*. His most recent novel is *The Senator's Last Night*.

II

How well does Stephen Vincent Benét fill this particular bill?

He wrote his volume, 122 pages, at the suggestion of the Office of War Information in 1942, so that it could give a telling story of the United States to be translated into many languages. It was intended for propaganda. It has to be judged not simply by its effect on us as responsive readers but also for its value as a message to the world at large.

The total effect is inspiring. By going back to Jamestown and Plymouth Rock, the way is cleared for narrating the stupendous achievement of nationhood, not as a revolt against "an industrious but stubborn king, George III, who chose unintelligent and amateurish advisers," but as a ferment, a birth. "They thought they were dealing with children. They were dealing with men."

This is not cold, academic stuff. A cumbersome recent novel, *Oliver Wiswell*, by Kenneth Roberts, could take the frenzy over the Stamp Tax as "something ferocious and dangerous, something crazier than any wild beast," and could depict the Boston mob as insane, yelling, unkempt, inhuman, pale and dirty, the "mob," the raging "mob" (repeated half a dozen times on a page, as howling, threatening, wolfish and exultant). Benét covers the mob in a few words: "They met, they protested, they got up on their hind feet and yelled." If Benét stresses the rebel more than

the rabble, it is because he has imagination for the political genius made explicit in the founding of the Republic. And he wisely spends nearly half his volume on this change from a colony to a sovereignty.

"Let me tell you, William," Kenneth Roberts quotes John Jay as saying to his nephew, DeLancey, "the *true* history of the American Revolution can *never* be written." For John Jay, who had been burned in effigy and who "throughout was inclined to conservatism," this was a very understandable conviction, and possibly Stephen Vincent Benét might have done better to bring out the basic conflicts that the Constitution was to span rather than resolve. To Hamilton democracy was a disease, and Professor Earle rightly says that "in the United States, democracy dates from about the middle of the nineteenth century rather than from the end of the eighteenth." John Jay himself said, "The pride of states, as well as of men, naturally disposes them to justify all their actions, and opposes their acknowledging, correcting or repairing their errors and offences."

The difficulty with concocting American history as a Scripture, written for edification and exaltation, is of yielding to a patriotic pride which wants assent to be, or to seem to have been, faultless and imposing. What is really imposing, the fact of the Constitution, the fact of the Declaration, and the fact of the Bill of Rights, has a big place in Benét's story. He might have indicated firmly the ferment

that has never ceased. The point that Kenneth Roberts misses in his vituperative polemic, however, is that for this ferment America made distinct provision. There is no use telling Herr Goebbels that the United States does not house a ferment. What deserves to be emphasized is the virtue inherent in its structure and its tissue; that without concentration camps, without purges and assassinations, without an iron guard and an iron mental ration, enough consent can be secured to let Herr Goebbels know where the bombs come from, and why.

Had the United States not mitigated the ideas of Alexander Hamilton, who was a skeptic, it might have pursued power more exclusively, and to its peril. If one traces his ideas on state finance, for instance, they lead directly to the German economist, List, and from List to Schacht. But Benét's account of Lincoln and Jefferson throws ample light on the varied psychological experiments of democracy, and "Lee's shining example in defeat" is appreciated. He does not gloss over the faults of Reconstruction but he is able again to say to the Nazi, "there was no blood purge. There were no mass executions. No heads rolled."

This does not mean that there will never, never be an FBI, or that plutocracy did not propose issues that Jeffersonian democracy could not solve. It does not mean that a vicious mob will not start race riots in Detroit, or a polite mob give a bonus to a repatriate who was an open fascist

in Rome, and a propagandist for Mussolini. All these things can happen in the United States, but so long as the inevitable ferment is contained within renewed presumptions of goodwill and legality, the foibles of the Reds are no worse than measles, and the foibles of the reactionaries rather like the pip. Stephen Vincent Benét was no doctrinaire. Even with the frontier gone, with public lands distributed, with an indebtedness that ends profusion if not waste, "the search for a right and equal way of life" seemed to him to be "part of the fiber of our minds and hearts." This is the real poetry in Benét's book, better than "the planes grew and the planes flew." It sustains his version of the great extra-European venture in government that could blend many races rather than empoison them, that could attack mankind's previous condition of servitude and, under supreme handicaps springing from heterogeneity, still work out a system that has given peace to a hemisphere.

Benét's book grasps the essentials. If any writing man thinks it was an easy task he is surely welcome to better it if he can.

III

The Maurois book, *The Miracle of America*, is a successor to an earlier book, *The Miracle of England*. To account for miracles is not given to every man, but Maurois is an exceptionally accomplished man of letters and he could easily push on to *The*

Miracle of China and even *The Miracle of Russia*.

But in spite of the insouciant title, this is a serious and searching book. Offered modestly as a study for the use of his own countrymen in founding the Fourth Republic, it is published for Americans in a particularly suave translation as the work of a foreign friend.

This is, on the whole, a warm but conservative friend. M. Maurois is not what you'd call a man of tempestuous personality. He possesses, however, a peculiarly orderly, diligent and dispassionate mind. For him the miracle of America has nothing whatever to do with the five senses, except for a word of commendation for an improved cuisine. It is not a geographic miracle for him, complete with hurricanes, floods and earthquakes, nor is it a miracle of prosperity or of machine technology. All that he leaves to one side. He is primarily interested in politics, and in traditional, even highly conventional politics. To get on Maurois's front page you have to have your *carte d'identité*, and in good order. Then he lets you proceed to the Miracle Department. But who else could ingest 229 modern books on the United States and make out of it an unflinching, succinct, thoroughly reasonable and arresting narrative? The very fact that he is dry and controlled allows you to know exactly where he is, and where you are. His version of John Brown, for example, is in fascinating contrast with Benét's, and one must admit that the word "mur-

der," pronounced by a Frenchman who knew murderous Nazi fanatics, has dire significance. But he is too logical, too bloodless, when he confines the slave problem to Kansas and says, "Like many human quarrels, this was susceptible of settlement the moment the adversaries calmly examined the facts." Great Jehoshaphat!

This same neatness of mind makes him take a crack at Patrick Henry, and it induces him to push the contrast between Hamilton and Jefferson along stiffly epigrammatic lines: "Hamilton, a pessimist like all aristocrats," etc. This at the time of the physiocrats! "Hamilton, the illegitimate child." It was only a technical illegitimacy. Yet he does vivify both Hamilton and Jefferson, and he never fails to become incandescent whenever the history of America touches on the history of France.

Maurois is a scrupulous witness, and where Benét could buoyantly affirm that the morning star of freedom gleams in the sky, or that America believes "in the dignity and the worth of mankind, it believes in the building of the great house of mankind," the Frenchman suggests that "the replacement of unhealthy slums in the big cities will be a gigantic task, worthy of the talents of a new race of pioneers." But on the previous page, though he himself exposes the feet of Clay as shrewdly as anyone, he still can throw off the depressing suggestion that "American economy will one day find its Henry Clay." He shows a lively sense of the dangers of

fanaticism ("fanatics confuse greatness of soul with treason"), but no similar sense of the dangers of appeasement.

For this reason he goes very far in hammering Woodrow Wilson, and too far in excusing Henry Cabot Lodge, the elder statesman, who brought to a smitten world the resources of his peanut heart. But he is more cautious than Benét in his scrutiny of American education, more wary in his words on the standard of living, and more alive to the difficulties inherent in a government by public opinion, especially in the region of foreign policy where there are those "who have a selfish interest in perverting it."

This 400-page book is a valuable complement to Benét's. Maurois says much when he asserts at the end, "This is an essentially honest nation." With such a verdict from a saddened Frenchman, fully aware that a democracy can be undermined by fanatics and reactionaries, one can afford to italicize the sting in his final sentence: "Tomorrow it will be, *if it is well in-*

formed, the world's greatest force in the service of justice."

Is information enough to guard us against gangster diplomacy, or sweet-girl-graduate diplomacy? It must be said that Maurois forgets passion and prejudice. To read history intelligently, so that it can really inform, is less immediately satisfying than golf and harder work. The work involved may be reduced by literary art, but history is work, there is no real way of mastering it without applying one's attention, applying it humbly and earnestly and prayerfully. No matter how hard any man works at it, the most awful mistakes cannot be avoided, since the task of mastering it is not simply intellectual but also arduously self-critical, which makes it really difficult. But there it is. Stephen Vincent Benét left us this legacy of a handbook, and André Maurois labored, like the admirable Jusserand, to get inside the meaning and the miracle of an English-speaking country.

The essence of America has not vanished. It can be re-captured. These men help.



THE public buys its opinions as it buys its meat or takes in its milk, on the principal that it is cheaper to do this than to keep a cow. So it is, but the milk is more likely to be watered.

—SAMUEL BUTLER

THE OPEN FORUM

LEND-LEASE AND THE WINDSORS

SIR: There has been brought to my attention a statement concerning Lend-Lease in the article entitled "The Duchess of Windsor" by Helen Worden, on page 675 of the June issue of *The American Mercury*. The article states on page 677:

"Wartime restrictions on the transfer of money from an English possession have complicated her buying to some extent but I hear (no one will officially confirm or deny this) that the State Department foots the Windsors' bills on a lend-lease arrangement. For example, the Duchess' \$750 evening gown might be charged against a U. S. Navy man's board and keep in Nassau."

I feel that I must point out to you that this statement is without foundation. No expenditures of this type have ever been made under Lend-Lease. As has been repeatedly pointed out, Lend-Lease goods have never included any items other than fighting equipment and other supplies necessary to the war effort of our Allies.

The statement in Miss Worden's article is similar to occasional misinformed statements concerning the use of Lend-Lease funds to maintain foreign representatives in this country or to send luxury articles to Lend-Lease countries. All of these stories have been proven repeatedly to be without any supporting evidence.

I have taken the trouble to write you this letter because I feel confident that you will wish, as much as I, to correct a harmful misstatement.

EDWARD R. STETTINIUS, JR.

Under Secretary of State

Washington, D. C.

SIR: I am glad Mr. Stettinius questioned the "lend-lease" statement about the Windsors. There are still some details which I haven't been able to clear up. I was told by detectives, hotel employees and dressmakers' staffs, that the Windsors' bills had to be taken care of by our State Department because of Great Britain's war-time restrictions

on money. I didn't question this because I knew what their expenses must be. The rent of 29H and 42C, the apartments they occupied at the Waldorf on their various visits, was \$70 a day without meals. They did quite a bit of entertaining, too, which must have run up their living expenses to almost a thousand dollars a week.

A young man from the State Department was in the office, particularly on their first and second visits. I don't imply that, through the State Department, the American people were footing the bills for the Windsors. I do understand that we were to get credit in British territory somewhere along the line, on a sort of lend-lease arrangement.

HELEN WORDEN

New York City

NEGROES IN THE NORTH

SIR: Edwin R. Embree's article in your June issue, "The North and the Negro," shows clearly how a good cause may be hindered and not helped by a too intense partisanship. Mr. Embree's thesis is that for years the country as a whole has "patterned its race relations after the prejudices of the South," and that the North, tired of being hoodwinked, is now re-examining its attitude toward the Negro. He writes: "In dealing with Negroes, people in Chicago and New York and San Francisco have bowed to taboos fixed by conditions of a hundred years ago in regions a thousand miles away."

Such statements are just plain nonsense — and unfair nonsense at that. The North, as represented by Mr. Embree, cannot excuse its own racial discrimination by pointing the finger of scorn at the South. Anyone familiar with conditions in New York's Harlem knows that much of the exploitation of the Negro so prevalent there has been, and is being, carried on by people who have never been south of the Battery and who are totally unfamiliar with the customs and traditions

of the South. Perhaps Mr. Embree should be reminded that the barbarous Chicago race riots of 1919 were the work not of Southerners but of Midwesterners. And were not the first slave traders New England Yankees?

Mr. Embree's piece is replete with glaring examples of unsupported statements and oversimplification. He writes, for instance, that the combat record of Negro troops is one of bravery not only in this war but in *all* previous wars. This judgment is certainly at variance with the views strongly expressed in private conversation by many Army officers, all of whom cannot be dismissed as prejudiced.

HENRY E. GARRETT

Columbia University, New York City.

SIR: I heartily agree with Mr. Garrett that "the North cannot excuse its own racial discrimination by pointing the finger of scorn at the South."

Here's an illustration. The sponsor of a Chicago study group on race relations said: "Let's avoid controversial questions. Let's not discuss restrictive covenants (which make a black ghetto in Chicago). Let us rather discuss the poll tax — about which we all agree."

It is so easy and pleasant to attack evils a thousand miles away and thus "escape" the tough problems of our own communities. The whole thesis of my paper was that the North must cease its preoccupation with the South — either in scorn or in imitation — and build its own patterns of democracy.

As to war records, one can, of course, find instances of failure by Negroes — and by troops from Connecticut or Illinois. But the general record is good. In the first World War, the whole soldier of the entire A.E.F. to receive the Croix de Guerre with star and palm, was a Negro sergeant, Harry Johnson of the Fifteenth Regiment, New York National Guard. This entire regiment was cited for exceptional valor. Such examples of Negro bravery fill the official annals from Crispus Attucks, the first man to die in the cause of American freedom on Boston Common, to the spectacular achievements of the 99th flying squadron over Italy in 1944.

EDWIN R. EMBREE

Chicago, Illinois.

SIR: I desire to enter protest to an article published in your June number, subjected "The Negro and the North" by Edwin R. Embree.

There are social questions in the United States that are altogether separate from political questions; the people of the South are not unfriendly to the Negro and are perfectly willing that he should vote when he is guided by his own intelligence.

The people of the South are not unwilling if the people in the North wish to socialize relations between the whites and the blacks. Of course this racial question will be ever present in the United States, naturally from the condition long existent and constantly recurring. More or less toleration should be exercised and the problems cared for in a way consistent with a country of freedom. The writer of the article emphasizes the fact of sharecropping that exists in the South. Probably he does not know what occurred that produced this state of division of farm values.

At the conclusion of the Civil War when Lincoln emancipated all slaves, the people of the North went further and enfranchised all of these slaves, without regard to proper qualifications of education and training. At that time the Federal authorities confiscated every bale of cotton available, the only means the Southern people had of obtaining revenue. The former slaves were living in the houses belonging to the planters, and decided the day of rest had become available. Therefore they were not subject to hire or employment, and refused for a season to work on the farms. This forced the farmers to seek labor from the North. In the meantime the Negro found that he had to do some work in order to live. The farmers were unable to offer wages, but did agree to share the crops with them on certain percentages. This was the origin of crop-sharing. The burden of education and other facilities was placed upon the Southern people and they have generously provided educational facilities for the colored race.

Withal, in the North the political "bloody shirt" was waved, in the promotion of prejudice toward the Southern people. It looks as if, after all these years, that this phase of aggressiveness should have been discontinued.

C. W. GIBSON

Corpus Christi, Texas.

SIR: I cannot refrain from criticizing an expression in the June issue from the pen of Mr. Embree. He calls that little pamphlet, "The Races of Mankind," "authoritative." On the contrary, it is a perfect example of scientific trash. I called the attention of the authors to at least twelve scientific mistakes, which, of course, they smugly ignored. If a member of my freshman class made half these mistakes, I would fail him, so utterly worthless is that pamphlet from a strictly scientific standpoint.

EDWIN E. JACOBS

Ashland College, Ashland, Ohio.

ONE FOR RIPLEY

SIR: I just received the April issue here in New Guinea. On page 611 in the article, "Pat Hurley, Ambassador at Large," it says, "He boarded a plane for Australia carrying a bag containing \$1,000,000 in gold coin to buy ships to run the gauntlet to Bataan."

Gold coins were made at the old rate of \$20.00 an ounce. At this rate, the sum of \$1,000,000 in gold coin would weigh a little over two tons. What a man!

HUGH MORRISON, *PFC*

New Guinea

CATHOLICS AND BIRTH CONTROL

SIR: I read the letter written by Mrs. H. L. Marindin of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, and published in the Open Forum for April. Her letter is such a clear expression of one of the worst anti-American evils — religious intolerance — that I felt impelled to attempt an answer for the benefit of all our bigots whatever their creed or color. I do not undertake a personal indictment, albeit it may appear contrariwise, of Mrs. Marindin. But if she truly feels the way she expressed herself, then I can offer no apologies for what may follow.

I am more than astounded by the blatant bigotry, ignorance, and lack of self-respect suggested by Mrs. Marindin's letter. She said, referring to an article by one Dr. Upham, that "it is an intelligent, civilized, and completely fair statement —." Her letter fails to indicate any conception of the true meaning of "intelligent," "civilized," or "fairness."

Personally I haven't closely followed this

dragged-out argument over the merits of birth control, but I have rarely, in such of the articles of pro-birth controlists as I have casually read, seen an argument put forth which shows any sign of real logic as such. On the contrary, most such articles have shown little more than an amazing degree of ignorance, religious narrow-mindedness, and hypocrisy. Please, I do not, could not, apply this to Dr. Upham's article as I have not read it. I am not personally an ardent supporter of any particular religious order. Frankly, I care not how any person feels in regard to artificial birth control. I follow my own ideas in the matter and am neither pro nor anti in the argument. I am, however, a firm believer in "intrinsic wrong" — wrong in itself — and in "natural law." That is the basis of the anti-birth controlists' arguments. I have also been, for many years, an avid student of logic and other branches of philosophy. I can readily say this, the arguments of most of the pro-birth controlists, especially Mrs. Marindin's type of argument, are nothing short of ridiculous from a standpoint of true logic, to say nothing of facts. Moreover, many of these pro-birth control arguments seem rather to be ardent pleas for removal of all control over promiscuous sexual relationship rather than honest desire for control of births. They appeal to the lascivious.

However, it is not Mrs. Marindin's support of the theory of artificial birth control of which I intended to write, but rather of her inexcusable attitude of religious intolerance. If she is in the grip of such unbridled hatred toward another section of American citizenry as is indicated in her letter, these are not appropriate times in which to froth over about it. That is not the type of "Americanism" the men in the armed forces are fighting for. She calls the Catholics "fascists." She does so without any apparent ground whatever. She demonstrates the intolerance we should fight against. Such a venomous and unwarranted attack as that does of itself indeed smack strongly of fascism or of one swayed in ignorance by the fascist influence. Really, I wonder if she re-read her letter after she wrote it.

I list among my friends many Protestants and Catholics alike, and have yet to see one example of greater American virtue in the former than in the latter. On the other hand I list among my "ac-

quaintances" many narrow-minded persons of both sects, but have yet to see any such Catholic display nearly the degree of ignorant, vituperous, unreasoned, passionate hatred toward Protestantism as I have seen demonstrated by many of their so veddy American, non-fascist Protestant brethren toward Catholicism. The difference must spring from a total ignorance of the true tenets of Catholicism. I wonder that religion can't be practiced in the atmosphere of tolerance intended by the Constitution. Could it be that our Bill of Rights is nothing more than a sham, and that we are a nation of hypocrites? Heaven forbid!

I think before any American citizen cries "fascist" at another, that the former should first look to cleaning his own back yard. I have seen something very much akin to real democracy in operation in the armed services. It is most regrettable that we have not a little more of that and a little less of sectional, racial, religious, and political fanaticism, hatred, and prejudice at home. The Nazi and the Nip welcome with delight an attitude such as Mrs. Marindin displays, and he strives to foster and spread such ideas amongst our citizenry. To her kind I say, let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. I am almost positive the Pope is not gathering a mighty army wherewith to invade the United States, as many of our Protestant "liberal Americans" tried so ardently to convince us during the 1928 presidential campaign. Somehow one is almost driven to the conclusion that religion and liberalism are intrinsically repugnant. Or perhaps "liberalism" is just another fanciful word like "will-o-the-wisp" or "Utopia." At least the word doesn't embrace "intolerance."

G. VAN ANTWERP, III
Lt. (jg) USNR

SIR: The controversy in your columns about birth control (by contraception, not by celibacy) reminds me of a story told by Anatole France. He had a friend, a French count, whose wife had given birth to five children. At the fifth birth the wife almost died. Accordingly, the attending physician thought it his duty to advise the count to use contraception if he wished to avoid risking his wife's life in the event of another childbirth. The count replied: "My church teaches me that

what you ask me to do is a mortal sin, and I will not follow your advice. I would rather lose my wife than lose my immortal soul, for I have but one soul to lose and women are so plentiful." The story goes that at the sixth childbirth both mother and child died, but it is gratifying to know that the count had saved his immortal soul.

H. C. DEKKER

Portland, Oregon.

REACTION AGAINST LABOR

SIR: I should like to comment on Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard's able article in your June issue, especially those sections concerning the coal strikes and growing anti-labor attitude among the armed forces and civilians. It should first be made clear that I served in the last war; that I have been a member of the A. F. of L. for more than twenty years; and that, finally, I voted for Mr. Roosevelt in the last election. Thus, I am no foreigner, have no organizational reason to love John L. Lewis, and I am not a congenital Roosevelt-hater.

Mr. Villard is not only on sure ground when he says that "there was a great deal of right on the side of the miners"; he is unquestionably correct when he also asserts that there is a growing opposition to organized labor in this country among elements previously not conspicuously anti-labor and a demand for union regulation by law. Regardless of whether or not this all fits in snugly with the reactionary aims, it is a fact; and my purpose is to tell how and why, so it seems to me, it developed.

First, let it be remembered that when labor voluntarily abandoned its *legal* right to strike; that is, when it gave the no-strike pledge, it gave no blank check to the President. F. D. R. promised in return that living costs would be held down or adequate wage adjustments made. Secondly, though labor was attacked by every conceivable means, it abided by this pledge religiously, striking only when obvious frauds were practiced against it, and even then never with the approval of any central body. All this was taking place while living costs were mounting everywhere, so much so that even the ultra-conservative *Business Week* (June 26, 1943) could write: "Holding the rise in wage rates to less than the rise in the cost of living is something

that has been done in no other one of the United Nations." Mr. Davis himself, Chairman of the National War Labor Board, in his letter of November 5, 1943, to Vice-President Wallace, clearly stated that as the months fly by, the Board had become increasingly conscious of the fact that "only one segment of our society" (labor) was being asked to hold the line.

The tug of war between rising costs and wages first came to a climax when the coal contracts expired and operator and union representatives undertook to negotiate new agreements. It was in the midst of these negotiations, that the President issued his "hold-the-line" order, automatically limiting the miners' rise to 15 per cent, a rise wholly inadequate compared with the rise in the cost of living, and, a repudiation of the Administration's promise to hold costs down or make adequate wage adjustments.

Why did the Administration do this? First to get John L. Lewis, as Stalin set out to get Trotsky; and secondly, in line with the President's whole war labor policy, to court the upper and lower middle classes for the elections.

On July 2, 1943, the United States *News*, the conservative Washington, D. C., weekly, stated editorially that Hopkins and Byrnes had been assigned the task of handling internal affairs and that "the big Hopkins-Byrnes idea was to outmaneuver Lewis. All deals and policies and compromises were designed to corner Lewis, to give the breaks to the other labor leaders, and to try to maintain general labor support at all cost." In this tactic, as *Business Week* had said, the NWLB "was reinforced by the truce under which the 'loyal' unions refrained from pressing demands on the promises that the general price structure would be rolled back." But just as the promise to hold down the cost of living or make wage adjustments had been broken, so was the promise to roll back prices.

Yet, what good is a "loyal" union leader if he loses control of his following? Lewis' success had stirred thousands in the other organized labor bodies, and soon the "loyal" leaders began threatening strikes if adjustments were not made in wages — railway and steel workers and others. They won numerous increases and other advantages, due to Lewis, while the reactionary press lambasted the Administration for bowing

to labor.

But during all this double dealing, one thing should have become apparent to everybody: the "loyal" labor leaders, the liberals, even the radicals turned on Lewis like wild beasts. Instead of fighting for principles, these labor-liberal-radical leaders were fighting for a man, a leader, for whom they sought and seek excuses on both foreign and domestic problems.

Social strains have everywhere been intensified in the demagogic struggle for power. Rather than solutions, racial, minority and other conflicts have been sought and exploited. Labor, organized labor, the purported benefactor of this diabolical game, is certainly soon going to face the greatest test of its existence.

S. E. GARNER

Baltimore, Maryland.

THE PACIFIC POLITICAL WAR

SIR: I am writing in protest against the June *MERCURY* article, "Japan Is Winning the Political War," by Helen Mears. Concerning the author a footnote states "Helen Mears is a specialist in Far Eastern affairs . . ."

This statement is supremely ridiculous, even at a time when the world in general is pretty crazy. Helen Mears is considerably less an authority on Japan than the man in the street, which means that she knows nothing whatsoever of her subject. Judging from her article, she has never read any Japanese history, never heard of the Jap atrocities, and never heard of the Jap conquest and rule of Korea.

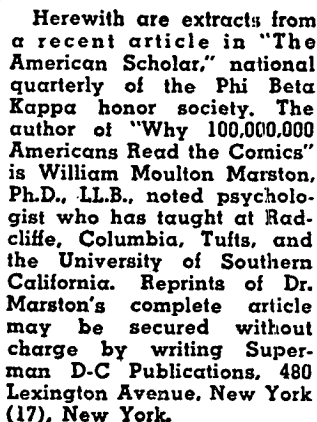
Miss Mears appears to be laboring under the idea, apparently dreamed up by herself, that we are fighting not merely Japan, but all the Asiatic peoples, who want to be liberated by the Japs from white domination. In view of the almost incredibly brutal treatment meted out by the Japs to all conquered peoples, this is the silliest thing I have ever heard. Is the woman completely demented? I quote: "Japanese conquerors can be expected to mingle and assimilate with the general population, whereas white control must always remain alien and arrogant." Will you please supply Miss Mears with a history of the Japanese rule of Korea?

DOROTHY LISTER

Cincinnati, Ohio.

why

read comics...



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A MERICAN literature has reached in the present day "comics" or adventure strip a zenith of popularity never before achieved in world history by any form of reading matter. . . The comics have become a seven-day, morning-afternoon-and-evening mental diet for a vast majority of Americans.

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"Roughly, the evolution of comics may be divided into three steps or stages. The first period, from 1900 to 1920, consisted almost entirely of comics that were meant to be comical. The second period, beginning hesitantly with the introduction of pathos and human interest into the continuities of the early twenties, reached its full fruition about 1930 when leading comics frankly stopped trying to be funny and became adventure strips. The third comics period began definitely in 1938 with the advent of Superman and constitutes a radical departure from all previously accepted standards of story-telling and drama. Comics continuities of the present period are not meant to be humorous, nor are they primarily concerned with dramatic adventure. Their emotional appeal is wish fulfillment . . . Superman and his innumerable followers satisfy the universal human longing to be stronger than all opposing obstacles and the equally universal desire to see good overcome evil, to see wrongs righted, underdogs nip the pants of their oppressors, and, withal, to experience vicariously the supreme gratification of the deus ex machina who accomplishes these monthly miracles of right triumphing over not-so-mighty might."

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THE DISAPPEARING DAILY, by Oswald Garrison Villard. \$3.50. Knopf. In this book Mr. Villard draws heavily upon his *Some Newspapers and Newspapermen*, first published in 1923, but there is a tremendous amount of new material. Mr. Villard's general outlook is pessimistic: the number of dailies is dwindling, the independence of those remaining is getting shakier, and in general what was once a profession "is now a business." Some of Mr. Villard's judgments will puzzle many of his admirers, but all those interested in the American press, whether they agree with him, will find his book stimulating.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL, edited by Paul Arthur Schilpp. \$4.00. Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. This is Volume V in The Library of Living Philosophers. Twenty-one eminent philosophers discuss various aspects of Mr. Russell's philosophy, and he answers some of their criticisms. He also supplies a charming autobiographical essay.

ENGLISH LITERARY CRITICISM, *The Medieval Phase*, by J. W. H. Atkins. \$3.00. Macmillan. English literary criticism in medieval times was fragmentary and casual and not very illuminating, but the emeritus professor of English language and literature at the University College of Wales manages to say many amusing things about it in this amazingly sprightly book.



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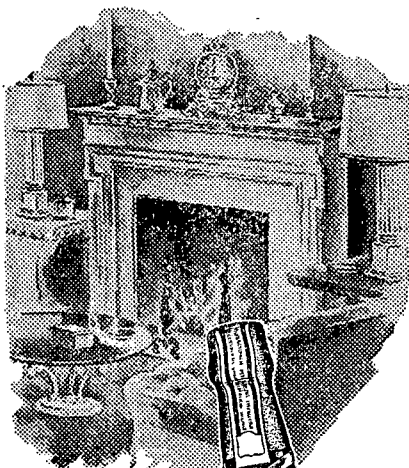
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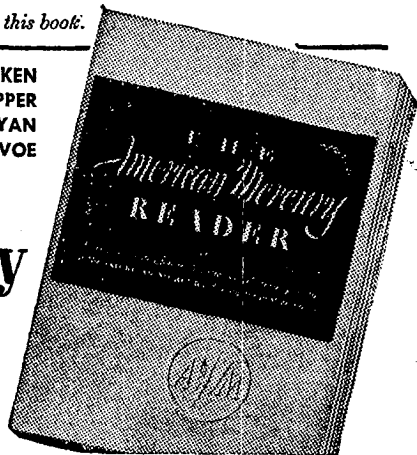
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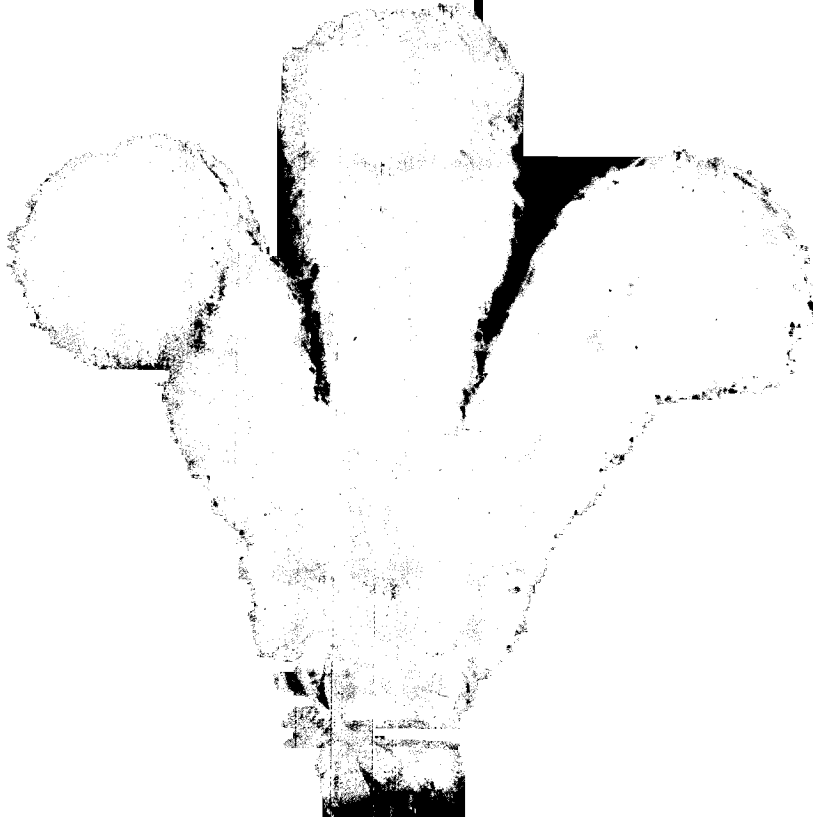


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